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ARTICLE I.

DISTINCTIONS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

WE have a new Gospel. Its title is — the Tares and the Wheat. Its burden of glad tidings — “let both grow together until the time of harvest.” That is; it is no use to try to separate the precious from the vile in this mixed state of things. This must be adjourned to the end of the dispensation. Christ will attend to that matter in due time. Does not the wise man say — “that which is crooked cannot be made straight?”

We accept the parable, but deny its interpretation. Christ did not intend thus to contradict the after inspiration of the one and self-same Spirit — that his word is a sword which is sharp to divide between the joints and marrow, and so to be a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Our discoverers of this new Gospel in an old one must be cautious how they preach a kind of husbandry which will be sure to leave in the Lord's garden not a mixture of tares and wheat, but only a rank crop of thorns and thistles. Your field which is never weeded will soon produce nothing but weeds.

We are noting a tendency of not a few of our own pulpits and churches, with respect both to doctrine and discipline. Those of the Liberal types have long ago avowedly adopted the let-alone policy. They think it work enough to drag the net, without troubling themselves to sort over the fishes. They

rather think no one will ever set about that unpleasant task, notwithstanding certain quite unequivocal intimations to this effect in a book which has a Bible somewhere inside of it, if one could ever decide precisely where. We wish that these amiable gentlemen might retain a monopoly of this soft religionism. But it is progressive, if not aggressive. Our reference to the "tares and wheat" looks to a real case, not a hypothetical one; in an evangelical, not a latitudinarian pulpit; not thirty years ago, but in this present year of grace. Here is another as authentic an illustration.

The co-pastor of a venerable, Puritan church, is invited to a country-town to deliver a sermon, as part of a series of orthodox discourses in progress there, for the especial benefit of a large irreligious and prevailing sceptical community. The preacher for the evening is a young man of popular abilities, and enjoys a strong professorial patronage where influence is a heavy weight in the scale. His audience is made up of almost every class of hearers, from the staid old deacons and one or two evangelical pastors, to the rankest infidels of the bar-room school. The occasion is responsible, and admirable for a defender of the faith to show that he is a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. The preacher will discourse of the natural character of man — a grave and vital theme. He does it; and in such a manner that seriously minded Christians are puzzled and pained beyond measure at the doctrine set forth; while the Universalist minister of the place is so thoroughly pleased with the views of human nature exhibited, that he forthwith indites a report of the sermon for the local paper, and prints it with a hearty God-speed to the author of so bland a theological disclaimer, and a general congratulation of himself, and the world at large, that Calvinism is exchanging its sharp-pointed horns for the unarmed front of such a lowing heifer as this. Of course, a man is not to be blamed if, for some misapprehended sentiment, a heretic shall thrust out upon him an obtrusive and uncalled-for "right hand of fellowship." Many a sound divine has been subjected to this annoying impertinence. But when, as in this instance, the drift of a whole discourse disaffects intelligent Christians, while it carries aid and comfort to the enemy, and even becomes a topic of surprised comment in adjoining

parishes among those who have no ends to gain but the purity of Christian teaching and living, one cannot help feeling that it is about time to commence pulling up the tares even at the risk of loosening a little of the wheat.

We dislike personal references, and have used but a small part of the facts at our command in this direction. Cases must be decided on their individual merits. As this communication has had an unchallenged, nine-months' newspaper circulation, perhaps it will be best to answer at once all questions by giving it at length as it stands in the columns of the *Milford Journal of February 9th* : —

“MR. EDITOR. Rev. Mr. Manning, of Boston, in his discourse at the Orthodox Church last Wednesday evening, chose for his subject, ‘Total Depravity.’ His definition of that phrase was so liberal, scriptural, and philosophical, that I cannot help expressing my very agreeable surprise at his position. Certainly the world moves in its opinions; and theology, like everything else, is progressive. The reverend gentleman, whether conscious of it or not, gave just such a definition of the depravity of man as you find in ‘Burnap’s Rectitude of Human Nature,’ and every work of liberal theology with which I am acquainted, taking precisely the same view as liberal Christians have from the beginning of their existence.

He commenced by saying that the Scriptures define the wickedness of man in sufficiently strong terms, without resorting to the definitions of creed-makers. They assert that ‘the heart of man is desperately wicked;’ that in time of the flood ‘all the imaginations of his heart were sinful;’ that at the time of David, and as quoted by St. Paul and applied to the Pagan Rome, ‘all had gone out of the way, and that there were none good.’ No advocate for the dignity and native goodness of man disputes these passages, or attempts to prove that man is not a depraved being; that he has not gone out of the way, and presents innumerable examples of desperate wickedness. We agree with the preacher, that the term ‘total depravity’ is ‘unfortunate’ and untruthful, an overstraining of the meaning of the Scriptures, and had better have been left out of the creeds of Christians.

Mr. Manning defined total depravity to be “a misuse of man’s faculties.” Man was created good and upright; all the endowments which God gave him were good and upright. In his native capacity he was God’s noblest work — no depravity attached to his original nature. But character, which is the work of the individual, is where

depravity commences. When men swerve from the right line of duty, from the law of right as written in the moral nature and in the commands of God, they become wicked and begin to sink into depravity. "The new-born babe," said the speaker, "before it begins to act for itself, is not depraved, but is pure, possessing all the capacities for virtue and holiness, and may be trained up to all that is good; or it may be led astray and build up a character of sinfulness." "The entire humanity of man never becomes depraved, but only the will, the purpose." Men break God's law by yielding to their own lusts and enticements. Reason, philosophy, and Scripture "forbid the belief in bald, total depravity." The image of God in the soul is never destroyed, however deeply covered with the filth of transgression. There is always a moral and spiritual basis for the redeeming action of Divine Love.

"Unregenerated people are not always depraved in will and character, but often do works and deeds worthy of Christ," and in accordance with pure and undefiled religion. They are humane, honest, upright, and well-meaning, in nowise inferior in their lives to the converted.

"But still, without the regenerating grace of God, man is liable to go astray — he departs from rectitude; seeks out many inventions; follows his selfish and clamorous passions, and fills the world with the horrors and miseries of sin. And, in this, the full force of the doctrine of depravity was to be found. The sense of the word 'total' was to be understood not as implying complete destitution of all goodness, or power of doing good, but as a *complete departure* from the law of right and duty. Nero was totally aside from the law of divine right — wholly out of the way. So all sinners are totally wrong, so far as they violate the laws of God." No liberal Christian will feel much disposed to disagree with such views of the subject; and, as near as I can recollect, such is a fair representation of his positions in the above discourse.

Such views are greatly in advance not only of the creed, but of the manner of preaching among the Orthodox a few years ago. They sound very different to me from the language of the Westminster Confession: — 'From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgression.' Also, from the words of Dr. Wisner, who was formerly pastor of the Old South. In giving a summary of Orthodox faith, in the first article, he asserts, 'That since the fall of Adam, men are, in their natural state, altogether destitute of true holiness, and totally depraved.' Dr. Taylor, of Yale

College, says, 'that all men, from the commencement of moral agency, do, without the interposition of Divine grace, sin, and only sin, in all their moral conduct.' The Episcopal creed asserts, 'that man, in his own nature is so inclined to evil, that every person born into the world deserves God's wrath and damnation.' These opinions certainly need softening down, and I rejoice that there are so many liberal fearless men, springing up in the older churches, who are ready to cast the old, false dogmas of the past aside, and examine the Scriptures anew for themselves; preaching such doctrines as they find there, regardless of the traditions of the past. It will not be long before other objectionable doctrines will be treated in the same manner, and the Bible be presented to the people as a Book worthy of man's entire acceptance, because teaching doctrines not at war with human nature, but in accordance with it, presenting God as a being of love and impartiality, the friend and 'Saviour of all men.'

G. H."

Our readers will interpret for themselves. If it be said that there must be a misconception of the doctrine intended to be set forth, we submit — that the next bad thing to the teaching of positive error is to deal with Christian truth in so indefinite a way that nobody can tell what the meaning of the speaker or writer is. But this case admits no such mantle of charity. Not merely a philosophical, but a broad theological difference divides it off from "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Putting the point of our strictures somewhat more generally, we will just here avail ourselves of a passage in Isaac Taylor's "Saturday Evening," which might be profitably pondered by perhaps all of us who handle the Scriptures as their professional expositors: —

"The tendency of the Christian ministry is always to move down from the high and arduous place which belongs to it as a Remedial Function, to the lower and more grateful position of an office of delectation, either intellectual or spiritual. Wherever much refinement and good taste prevail, the preacher is likely to become the organ of that species of grave and graceful entertainment which besseems 'the Sunday'; and so long as he keeps in view the rule which, by a tacit compact, he is bound to observe — that of furnishing an hour of pleasurable, meditative excitement, he may take a wide range as to style and subject; he may be argumentative or imaginative, epigrammatic and familiar, or lofty and ornate; . . . he may be emblematical or literal; mystical and profound, or neological and perspicuous: the wide

world is all before him, so that he is but skilful in gathering blooming flowers always from the surface over which he passes. But how shall any such honied lips utter (except as matter of gorgeous eloquence) the appalling verities of Divine justice? Nature forbids the incongruity; and more—the renovating Spirit refuses to yield the energies of his power to the sway of a mere minister of public recreation.”

If the truth of God is a fire and a hammer, to break the flinty rock in men’s bosoms in pieces, then a “minister of public recreation,” or any pronouncer of smooth things where sharp and pointed ones are called for—is out of place in a Christian pulpit. If he will still stand there, then he ought to shut the Book and preach on its covers, or lay it significantly on the sofa behind him.

The function of the church, both in her ministry and government, is symbolized in the prediction of John concerning that greater than he who should come after him; “whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner.” As the body of believers is possessed and guided by his Spirit, promised for this express purpose, it will have grace and wisdom to do this both doctrinally and practically; if not infallibly, yet without committing serious mistakes. Otherwise, the idea of the church as “the pillar and ground of the truth,” is a chimera; and, except for its antiquity and wider sweep of influence, it is no more sacred or respectable than any philanthropic association. Hence, the pulpits of some of our sects have already placarded themselves as mere Lyceum-lecture desks; and others are gravitating to that level by a law as sure as that of all descending weights.

As we write, the “Westminster” comes to our table with the full demands of this levelling-down process, in a vituperative article on “Christian Creeds, and their Defenders,”—striking its key-note in the “Imple me, Deus, odio hereticorum,” which it quotes as a prayer of one of the old confessors. One brick is quite enough to show what sort of a house is here in the market.

“Christian creeds have the generic quality of being all addicted to persecution. Their believers will not believe this; but what amounts to the same thing, they are found faithful in the practice One

will burn, another will only fetter, a third will use vituperation, a fourth is satisfied with false accusation In point of noise and tumult in pursuit of heresy, the 'Evangelicals,' Church and Dissenting, carry off the prize. Rome does her work with dignity — with every mark of drill and command; but platitudinarianism is demonstrative and howling, and at times frantic in the extreme."

One would think that this writer had made "his dwelling among the tombs," such terrible sounds are in his ears; perchance he may be one of the unfortunately "possessed" who does his own "howling," and then imagines it is somebody else that is doing it. But his scope is eminently practical. His pen pursues with a savage acrimony — strange for a liberal! — the men who, trying to weed a corner of the common garden, have thought it needful to condemn the surpliced infidelity of the "Essays and Reviews;" and were not willing to permit Dr. Davidson to teach neology to the young Independent theologues; and have ventured to call in question the soundness of Bunsen's biblical criticisms, while not denying that he gave much evidence of a truly Christian character. These, and an indefinite amount of similar offences, make up the bitter indictment against the "obstructives," whose nature it seems to be to "hate innovations;" to whom "the progress of science, the conclusions of advanced scholarship as affecting theology, are perfect ghosts, disturbing their season of repose;" and who will not even be convicted of their inveterate stupidity and systematic interference with mankind's advancement to a secularized millennium, by the first two volumes of Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle's "History of Civilization in England!" The issue is boldly put; we accept it: it is this — shall we continue to discriminate in our creeds, our preaching, our discipline, as God shall give us light and power, between truth and error, good and evil, Christ and Antichrist, for the salvation of sinners and the perfecting of saints; or shall we let the whole of these interests settle down to the flat indifference of the professed ignoring of all vital distinctions in matters of faith, which goes to seed in a practical looseness of morals as surely as the thistle crop of this year will produce the thistle crop of the next?

Our churches want a clearer definition of religious tolerance

and intolerance. We cannot accept that which is manufactured for us and urged upon us by such organs as we have just cited, and their sympathizers. Their fences are all down, their gates are all off the hinges. Their church, as well as their field, is the world. But Christ's church is a "fold," — an Eastern fold — closely walled and stoutly barred, because beasts which devour are prowling in the thickets when the sun is set. So has a true pulpit doors that have fastenings to them, spiritually if not (in these days) literally. What is to be kept outside them, and what admitted within the sacred inclosure, where Christ, through his ambassadors, is expected to show to lost men the way of salvation? What is to be tolerated, and what not? We are looking for essentials; secondary concerns can easily be adjusted when the main questions are determined.

We are not going to print a creed, or to draw out any detailed statement, in reply to this inquiry — not for any fear of the spent ball of "dead orthodoxy," which has not enough force in its exhausted flight to drive the wind before it; but because the point we aim at lies on a different line. The men, the churches, whose salt appears to be evaporating its savor in these heats of mental rarefaction and social excitements, have still the form of sound words as their professed summary of what the Scriptures require in order to holiness. But, could we hope to gain a patient, unprejudiced response, we should exceedingly like to start a train of self-inspection in some quarters, like this. While denying or repudiating no great position of the Christian system in any formal way, is there not an insidious sentiment creeping into and through many hearts, that the church and her ministry are not directly and designedly responsible to God and the world for keeping the kingdoms of Christ and Satan distinctly apart and in antagonism to each other, so long as the latter refuses to yield unconditionally to the former? The subtle art which invited Nehemiah to come down to the plain of Ono to hold a conference and make a compromise with Sanballat and the Arabians, is a harder thing to withstand than the assault of a thousand beleaguers upon the walls of Jerusalem. It will always be tried; but most busily when the Nehemiahs only whisper (if even that) the refusal which the old Hebrew sent back with no uncertain sound into the camp of

the aliens. The business of the church is to save and sanctify. But how concerning the imperativeness of the case? If it be not heartily and continually prosecuted, will men actually and forever perish in their sins? *Yes*, says the Word of God; *no*, half queries something within, whether intellect or heart, or what, it is not easy to detect. But how, again, concerning the method of this salvation? Must men's consciences be plied with the personal controversy of God against them as utterly guilty as well as hopelessly lost in themselves; and must the cross of an only sufficient expiation for them be kept standing straight before the eyes of the congregation, as distinctly as it confronted the crowd around Calvary, having this superscription emblazoned on it and speaking from it: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" *Yes*, says the Gospel of the Holy Spirit; *no*, half doubts the spiritual guide of others, who is feeling every week the paralyzing, undermining influence of surrounding preachers and professors, magazine-writers and fashionable wits, in whose sight all this evangelism is nothing better than a pitiable foolishness. Ministers and churches know well enough the pressure in this unbelieving direction, whose faith in Christ and the Divine Spirit has to be maintained under the shade of a rich and supercilious establishment of easy-going disciples of the *man* Jesus; who have all the literature, all the politeness, all the æsthetics, all the patronage, and of course, all the introductions worth noticing, in the community. In such locations, the offence of the cross has not ceased; it is as rank as ever it was in Rome or Athens. In such locations, many a heart has made as full acquaintance as can be made in this world, with the power of the temptation to be "ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

This is emphatically a New England danger, threatening both the purity of doctrine and discipline in our denomination. And intensely is this so, beyond any other part of New England, in this eastern section of our own Commonwealth. The influence of our venerable, but backslidden university, has gone in this direction, with its great prestige, for half a century. What would feign call itself Boston culture, *par eminence*, in letters and manners, rolls a deep tide down the same channel. We sometimes wonder that it has been withstood as well as it

has, knowing how weak is the side which pride presents to flattery and raillery, even in good people. Then, our aspiring scholars must also be philosophers, original thinkers, explorers; and as there are no new quarries to be opened in theological science, what can be done but to pull down some of the old cathedrals in order to build better? So the great stones of the catechisms and confessions must be taken apart and tumbled about like blocks of granite awaiting a builder's orders; and the "living oracles" must be drilled and blasted with exegetical gunpowder to add more *debris* to the confusion. But when the street-screens are removed to show the reconstruction, alas! for the pattern which was given in the Mount; these new-fashioned temples are not after its divine model. "Ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice."

If there is to be no cause of apprehension respecting the integrity of the faith until a convention comes together to expunge the Epistle to the Romans, and to repeal the Protestant confessions, then there will assuredly never be any need to sound an alarm in Zion. History has recorded almost every folly but that. Yet apostasies have come in; but, at first, only like a noiseless rise of waters; then, as an overwhelming and devouring flood. *Obsta principiis*; but if the mischief has got a start, then dam it, dyke it off, as soon as possible. This mischief has always a start and a headway in the world, for the natural mind runs into it, and so does the regenerate under natural enticements, with a persistent proclivity. Then the hands that are not weary, and the hearts that are not faint, must still work and watch to counteract the ruinous infatuation.

We never expect to see the end of what we hesitate not to call the wilful misrepresentation of our position in this matter. As long as men choose to do it, they will write in the "Westminster" vein, against the most positive knowledge to the contrary, as thus:—

"You may as well now deny the entire Bible as hint a doubt whether every word in the Chronicles is inspired, or whether the book of Esther or Solomon's Song contains a deal of Christian divinity. Modern defenders of the faith do not their work slovenly or by bits; they enter into no compromise; you must take the faith as a whole as they offer, or abide the consequences."

This is false, with just enough of verisimilitude in it to make it look like a real, though rather exaggerated, portrait. The boundaries of the true and the untrue in a charge so indiscriminate, any honest person of but small intelligence can run for himself. But people who do not sympathize with this ultra antichristianism are tempted to yield to its spirit, in a sufficient degree to censure all earnest endeavors to hold in check the religious mind of the age from drifting off upon the sea of doubt and denial, where so many have sunk like lead in the deep waters. Thus, so far forth, they make common cause with the foe; and by their fainter censures of the alarmists (as they call us) they encourage the bolder clamors of an outright Sadduceism for the privilege of letting every one think just as he pleases, which is the next-door-neighbor to every one's doing whatever seems best in his own eyes. We must come to some understanding at this point, or expect to see our forces cut in sunder with the sharp wedges of the opposing army. Those who believe in the truth and necessity of the evangelical faith, must not be afraid of defending, and having others defend it, in a manly and unflinching way. They tell us, from the other side, that —

“None but slaves

Find fault with free men's freedom.”

We must tell them back, with an earnestness which shall carry conviction, and an unanimity which shall turn their battery upon themselves, that —

“He is a freeman whom the Truth makes free,

And all are slaves beside.”

We shall not be deterred, by fear of the worn-out fling of bigotry, from saying, that in this grand struggle of the last days, the truth is with the churches that are built on the Puritan foundations, so far as the issues of salvation from sin are involved. Can we learn a lesson from our national conflict? We say, that thus far the cause of constitutional government in our hands has had the worst of the struggle, because, while the South has been doing just one thing, and intends to do nothing else, that is, to cripple and destroy us as far as possible, we have been trying to do two entirely irreconcilable things: to conquer their rebellion without wounding very badly their feel-

ings. The Christianity which attempts to occupy that position might as well haul down its flag to-day ; for this, with it, can literally be only "a question of time." It will burn its powder and explode its shells to no purpose, save its own very useless expense.

ARTICLE II.

THE HOMES OF LITERARY MEN.

SEVERAL years ago there appeared a book called "Homes of American Authors." In contrast to the notion we always have of English writers since the days of Johnson, and Grub-Street life, the public were overjoyed to find that our authors are not literary vagabonds, but really have homes, and sometimes domestic peace ; for the old notion that literary people must quarrel is nearly gone by. And yet it was but a few years since that poor Percival lived in a garret on sixty-five dollars a year, and feasted on every literature under heaven ; and the erratic genius of Poe, and of the wild William North — both suicides — led them into painful haps and hazards. And there has ever been a sort of fatality about the literary geniuses which no philosophy will fully account for, — a reverence, on our part, for the wonder-working mystery of genius ; a curiosity to hear the story of its wrongs, perhaps a jealousy of shining parts joined with contempt for mortal weakness ; — and on the part of authors an ever-abiding sense that the world is out of joint and they are born to set it right, and a familiarity with mental suffering which duller spirits wot nothing of. Ah ! the cost of being a genius ; yet you, reader, love them passionately after all ; and do you not grieve over the fate of that artist-poet neither whose poems nor whose paintings ever got the warm meed of praise, and whose last walk ended on the Bridge of Sighs ?

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

It always thrills me when I see on the booksellers' shelves those thin, paper-bound volumes yet uncut, in which some young poet has sighed out his first passion, and gone back into obscurity, — his volume selling for a sixpence, and unread at that. I always buy such books and put them side by side in my library, and rarely I find that the early Tennysonian volume of 1833 develops into the "Idyls" of 1860. I love to trace those gentle aspiring steppings-out into the great world, and hope for the best, remembering that my dear Southey, and dearer Irving, were always kind to young authors. It is rather painful for me, looking back, to call up that club of college friends who were so eager to write themselves into notoriety. Where are those dreams now? Ah! my old friend, you have whittled away your quills at an editor's desk, and what has your life come to? Where are all those fine tastes you pleased us with, during those Attic nights? You remember the volumes you said you should write; yes, your volumes! but who would read them if collected out of stray newspapers now? Here is a fine reputation spoiled. And our class-poet settled down into a very steady farmer when he had published a National Ode; while the one solitary, unpromising, hard-thinking plodder we had has lately become very eminent as a political and judicial author. What memories a university life affords! How green they always keep! And here is the very place where young genius is nursed, — nursed as hardily as Schiller at the *Karls-schule* where he "enrolled himself in 1773; and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes, to Greek, and seclusion, and law."

Now I beg you, reader, to allow me to quote from the wise little volume of Rev. Dr. Osgood, wherein he discourses so sweetly of his Harvard reminiscences, and then we will return to our subject: —

"We sometimes had voluntary meetings in presence of our professors, and of these I remember with especial pleasure our evenings with Chaucer and Spenser at Professor Edward T. Channing's study. How his genial face shone in the light of the winter's fire, and threw new meaning upon the rare gems of thought and humor and imagination of those kings of ancient song. Who of us does not bless him every day that we write an English sentence, for his pure taste and admirable

simplicity? I remember well, also, a little coterie who met to declaim choice pieces of prose and verse with the professor of elocution, our enthusiastic friend, Dr. Barber. Those twelve or fourteen youths have had various destinies, but none of them has made more mark in the world than the handsome, brilliant, free-and-easy fellow who used to declaim Byron with down-turned collar, that showed a throat smooth and full as a girl's. He spoke and wrote well, but we never expected Motley to read Dutch and write the '*History of Holland.*'"

A true picture. It does me good to read it. It nearly comes up to the glimpses we have of the earlier Stirling club at Trinity, Cambridge, when Milnes, and Trench, and Tennyson, and the Baconian Spedding were young.

But I must come back and say, that in my opinion the country is the Home of literary men. I have not written this sentence without thinking, nor have I given way to the prejudice coming from life in a country parsonage; but I fancy in such retirement one can look out upon the world and give calm, just decisions on men and books. Does not an author value such a man's criticism more than the sparkling magazinist's? I of course imply that the parson does not vegetate upon the glebe but has much experience of stirring life. It was said by a critic that the country parson had no romantic interest in the United States as compared with the pleasantly rural life of his English brother. But that critic was town-bred; yet the best living editor of Shakespeare should have known better than thus to insinuate that New England parsons are generally unsocial, prejudiced, bilious men. The city is the grand generator of bile and nervous periods. I challenge him to the proof that they are much less genial, or cultivated, than the Anglican vicars and curates; or that they have a less healthy growth than other professional men. You love to think of a parson living near a stone church beside a moss-grown church-yard; and to say truth there is something homely in a decaying pine meeting-house; and we lack the discipline which gains Fellowships. With these abatements the position is much the same in both countries. It only needs Hawthorne to embody our Puritan parsons in fiction, or Whittier to mellow them in poetry; and they will take on even a pleasant and social look. But our clergy are nearly all parochial; they enter largely into the economy

of village life ; it is just this position, humble yet dignified, midway between the aristocrat and the peasant, ruling the hearts of both, which gives them such a gradual and harmonious growth. The social is not starved at the expense of the intellectual man. Hence the equable, long-lived temperament prevails. Now I shall state the fact that a large number of them are literary men. They publish sermons ; they write in magazines and reviews ; they write town histories ; they aspire to the dignity of poet and novelist. Some, like the author of the "New Priest," give evidence of genius as rare as it is beautiful ; others gush out in sacred poetry alone, and warble hallowed notes. There is a peculiarity, too, about all they write, about even what their wives write. It is the absence of what I must call a false taste in letters. They are seldom dull ; never vapid ; always have something to say ; generally say it without beating the bush ; they think more than they say, but write so that you are made to think all they do. If the singular truthfulness of these authors is not due to their living among people of simple tastes, of truth-telling lips, among the fresh and living realities of Nature, how can you account for it ?

Now turn with me to our town-bred authors ; but first let us dwell upon what was just called a false taste in letters. This is by no means universal. But our most popular literature is strikingly wanting in what a Coleridgean would call ideas. It is not so very sentimental ; it is very spicy, brilliant, Frenchy ; it is very hard for a sane, cultivated mind to read. It is difficult to find more than one George Elliot ; you can count up any number of Beecher Stowes. The magazines are to blame for this. It is the age of magazines, just as Queen Anne's was of *Spectators*. The name of every popular author is blazoned on the cover ; articles written under high pressure of throbbing brains blaze inside. It is all very taking ; but is it true, is it real as seen in Nature and life ? We have poets who love daisies, who thrill with ecstasy at sight of a peony, who languish after "sweet sixteen" ; but who of our younger poets has watched Nature as keenly as Bryant, or even given signs of such watching ? Who is about to stir up the human soul like the venerable Dana ? Do poets believe that we have souls

other than to make love with, in these days? What a spirit of unrest has entered into our novel writers! I have tried to read *Trumps*; but Mr. Curtis has lost the gentle gracefulness of the Howadji, and his reckless exposure of city life is sickening enough. I daresay the story is powerfully written, but oh! the patience that can go through such moonshine. Are men real or not? Shall magazines swamp us, displacing all our stores of fine old English? It is not an ungentle hope, that among the benefits of civil war, a purer literature may arise to create healthier feeling, heartier action. Though our best authors contribute to periodicals and might thus seem to thwart merely magazinish tastes, their efforts must of necessity be fugitive — hardly such as can build up a reputation.

But this false taste is only set forth — not accounted for. The explanation is anticipated. As the country is natural, the city is artificial. So sensitive is literature that it reflects every hue and passion of the hour. It both comes from and appeals to human nature. If it takes in distorted views of life, it becomes only a curiosity when the distortions are set right; thus one age purges another, — what appeals to the essential in man alone surviving. Here, too, is De Quincey's distinction between literature as a power and as an accident. The city includes all those facts which have a factitious interest; one class quickly gives way to another; while the reflective powers act less freely. Society is engaged only with what is uppermost. But that eclectic mind which ranges freely through past and present, making each shed light upon the other — the light of first principles, — can it mingle in the din of metropolitan life and keep an eye intent upon its aim? Is not familiarity with vice and wretchedness apt to malign one's views of human nature, killing those sweet emotions that wed with truth and goodness? And what sort of man is this city author? He is a cynic in faith; he is shallow in philosophy; he loses sight of the great brotherhood of man; he affects a very amiable contempt for woman, save as material for "scenes"; virtue and morality is respected in name, but conventional at that; the spirit of the hour rules; a man may acquire influence and reputation, but his best efforts take the color of popular tastes; even the journalist finds himself merely the spokesman of public events.

There are writers certainly who have lived in cities all their lives, and have never lost those primal impulses which tend toward good ; but they are too strong or too dull to be much affected either way. Or if they do not live in the country, the country lives in them. The general influence upon literary men is to disturb their notions of character, to corrupt their feelings, to lower their aims. I could name many authors whose works are familiar, who have cut short their permanent influence in this way. Thackeray's writings, able as they are and kindly, show in what society he has lived, and a certain cynicism has eaten into his very style. A school of young writers has lately tried to cultivate French literature in New York ; but it has neither polish nor wit. It is consoling that they are so active to write down their own reputations.

Much may be claimed indeed for literary society, which, in the nature of the case away from a large city must be limited. But this may be an advantage to an author, especially if he venture on what are more truly called literary works — those which deal with man as an emotional and sensitive being. Histories must be written in large libraries ; and unless they embody the living wit of a Motley, too lifeless to be read they must await the birth of a more brilliant chronicler. Works of fiction or imagination are better written where the mind can genially revel in its own creations, yet be not too far removed from actual contact with those classes whose ultimate verdict, if favorable, is the happiest reputation. Metaphysics is the fruition of meditative energy, but adepts in this are chiefly professors at the University, and their speculations, like the theosophy of Jacob Behmen, are too abstruse to become a component part of literature. The same is true of those devoted to abstract science ; their writings seldom go outside their profession ; only its members read them. I pity editors ; they are ever tied up to desk and quill ; no wonder that they either narrow down to political partisans or let fine talents run to waste in

“ Quips and cranks and wanton wiles.”

But when literary men congregate in clubs and become isolated from the thoughts and feelings of the masses, they nurse pet conceits which few can appreciate ; they forget that the

true test of their writings is their universality of appeal. *Adam Bede* is a favorite with all classes simply because with a masterly hand it portrays life as it really is ; the same is true of the *Mill on the Floss*, and of *Silas Warner*. But authors meeting often with each other are apt to become too literary in their tastes — to go to books — not to men. Sir Walter Scott feared this ; and he has left on record his reasons for shunning merely literary society. He thought it would remove him too much in feeling and in thought from that universal public to which he was indebted for reputation. It is true Abbotsford was the rendezvous of the choicest spirits of the age, among whom Sir Walter was *facile princeps* ; but he never threw aside his English Bible, nor his habits of intimacy with the common people. Hence his works are little defiled by literary conceits ; both prose and poetry show a strong healthy man. I question whether our lamented Irving could ever have got so mellow and rich a reputation had he trusted to the inspirations of a merely literary brotherhood, instead of resorting, as he did, to Goldsmith and the elder drama, and the society of humble folk. In a word, geniality, universal good-humor, and a certain quaint but shrewd mellow wisdom are the more natural fruits of a country life. They come to us unsought and unconsciously. Did you ever notice the peculiar, bright, exact images farmers make use of ? And literary men with their delicate sympathies, their tendency to imaginative life, their relish for the simple and poetical, cannot find the full or genial exercise of their faculties when they meet in their peculiar circles only, or become habituated to a somewhat artificial mode of life. The country is their home, and like Scott, they find that the legends and proverbs, the joys and the sorrows of even the simplest country folk contain material enough for poem, play, or fiction. The society of their peers may be made up in great part by the periodicals and publications of the day ; but far better than all is the genial nurture of a true humanity, which cannot be secured unless the mind is in repose. And can you habitually secure this in the city ?

So you will find that the best examples of a truly happy literary life are found among those who spent their lives in the enjoyment of rural tastes. Cowper at Olney, with his hares

about him, and cheerful friends to beguile his leisure, is free from the melancholy which clung to him while a law-student at the Temple. Wordsworth, in his seclusion at Rydal Mount, giving full scope to a lofty meditative devoutness — his ear open to the secrets of flowers, woods, and streams, his heart in sympathy with each living thing, and the subtle analogies between the human spirit and the external world thrilling the poet's soul, — what a sweet and tranquil joy was his, when the Lyrical Ballads lay unread upon the shelf! What true joy his lone reading, of the woods, the waters, and the skies gave him! Shelley would have told you that his seasons of poetic inspiration were when he could revel in Windsor Forest, or by the grand and desolate sea. Southey would say to you, that no place could be compared to his library, with the window open upon the beautiful lake scenery, the air fragrant with flowers, and the proof-sheets of the *Doctor*, with its exquisite bits of English landscape-painting spread out before him, — just the picture given in the *Doctor* itself. His home was his library; but I doubt if he could have enjoyed it anywhere else than in the seclusion of Keswick. Dear Kit North would have cried fie on all your town-bred tastes, could you not sport and fish with the best; and the breezy spirit of his writings transmits the very zest and *afflatus* of his feelings. Well! go with me to the home of our humorist, Irving. Will you not detect the character of the man in the quiet, genial Sunnyside which he fashioned into beauty? The man that could live in the exercise of such simple tastes and feelings, knew the heart of the people far better than your claptrap author, who lives by his wits, and is at his wit's end for ideas. Irving's books reflect this quiet, wholesome spirit; they are mellow with soul-felt sympathy; hence all classes of readers love them. The picture which Hawthorne has drawn in the Introduction to his *Mosses from an old Manse*, must have struck the thoughtful reader as the very ideal of an author's home, — sketched in that finely imaginative spirit of which he is master.

You will also find that all authors of distinction in the literature of any nation, have held the country higher than the town. Milton was very happy at Horton, writing *L'Allegro*, and courting Mary Powell, and hearing daily the muffled roar of

"Great Tom" amid academic walks. Shakespeare left London as soon as he could buy a farm; Spenser wrote the "*Faërie Queene*" in an Irish castle; Sidney discoursed of poesy quaintly at Pembroke; Gray loved the country church-yard and rural solitudes no less than "the still air of delightful studies"; Burns loved the moss-grown traditions and venerated simplicity of "*Auld Scotia*"; Gæthe and Schiller, in their little Weimar, were quite shut up from the world, but only to delight and charm it with their genius; Richter is the very apostle of home-life and rural enjoyments; our Swedish Fredrika Bremer, has woven into nearly all her fictions the peasant-life of her native land; and the most popular poets of our own language live in picturesque solitudes, or seek, like Browning, (alas! for his loss and ours,) the mouldering beauty of another age, or wander, as did our Percival, up and down this beautiful world of ours, loving even the tenderest flower that blows, but with unspeakably sad hearts.

There is also something very attractive in the country-seat of an author, especially if he be a genial man, and his writings teem with rich quaint humor. We wish to localize him; to indulge sweet imaginings of his looks, his habits, and all the little actions which make up character; and if he lives away from the multitude and cultivates a few idiosyncrasies; if he gains a local reputation among the simple folk, his neighbors, on quite other grounds than literary, we feel that he is a truer man for all that; and the strong attachment to our favorites (and who is more so than an endeared author?) is pleasantly surprised. In the country he is not in the crowd. He owns so much land; he lives in a house which stands alone; he has peculiar tastes, also mannerisms; you can invent some excuse for calling on him and be sure of a gentlemanly welcome, and when he is gone you can make a Mecca of his home — the shrine of literary faith. Ah! how many tender thoughts have gone out to Sunnyside and Idlewild. But Willis yet lives, and long may he live to gladden us with his graceful, gentle waifs. And we treasure up carefully now all our memories of Sunnyside. Compare these homes with Grub-Street, or a "den" in New York! And will you believe now that circumstances have nothing to do with making men?

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the influences of country life cannot be lost without a diminution of personal power. One thing I cannot omit to mention,—the influence of Nature upon the soul. This has been so thoroughly infused into the earlier poetry of this century that one can hardly be pardoned for ignorance of the fact. It has made our poetry very rich in thought; it has removed it perhaps in some instances too far from common feelings. I am no pantheist; but I think that if Christian teachers would only make more of Nature and of God as seen in his works, as speaking to us in the dew-drop, the leaf, and the thunder-storm, as teaching us by countless analogies that truths are revealed in the shape of a leaf as well as in the Eternal Word, Christianity would gain power over the mind and heart far greater than at present. Nature, thus taken home to our hearts, would refine and elevate the soul by quickening its sympathy with the Infinite mind. The literary man who has no ear for the ten thousand harmonies of Nature shows himself without quick sympathy and detective imagination which, as among the beautiful and grand in Nature, so in the finer and better part of human nature, gives insight into hidden things. He has not learned the first axiom of authorship—that he must have a heart for all that interests mankind. But when the spirit delights in a forest solitude, and gladly drinks in the songs of birds, and makes the whole world populous with living thoughts and these thoughts reach down to what is inmost in man; when the dewy eve and sad twilight start “thoughts that wander through eternity,” and the stars raying out into the solemn night bring intelligence of countless other worlds perhaps inhabited like our own; when birth and death in Nature not less than in human life confound us with their mute mystery, and reveal to the soul something of its strange destiny, and we think of shutting our eyes upon the objects in Nature which have stood to us as the symbols of certain truths; when we find one who can thus make Nature familiar and instructive—then we can fully appreciate how such intercourse will subdue the passions, enlarge the heart, vitalize the mind, and give interest and significance even to those objects apparently farthest removed from our sympathy. Not every one will find so much in Nature,

but all will feel that she calms the troubled spirit and helps to restore our feelings to primitive quietude and joyousness; and a very few in this calm ecstasy of soul will send out profound and grand thoughts to elevate the world. The few who can do this are the master-spirits in literature.

ARTICLE III.

BOSSUET.

PROFESSOR RANKÉ, in his History of the Popes, has described with artistic power the great movement of the Roman Catholic Church, towards a sounder faith and purer morals, in the 17th and 18th centuries. This counter reformation is the most impressive feature of the ecclesiastical condition of Europe, after the enthusiasm of the early reformers in questions of religious faith, was succeeded by political agitations. The reaction among Protestants, wearied with discussions and demoralized by wars, after the treaty of Westphalia, in Germany, and the return of the Stuarts in England, gave a signal advantage to Rome in her renewed attempts to impose her despotic yoke. Doubtless the humiliations and disasters which they had suffered turned the attention of the better portion of the Roman Catholic Church to that great question, — “What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” The Popes, for the first time for centuries, were devout and earnest, though narrow and bigoted. The Jesuits arose, and won universal admiration for their learning, piety, and zeal. The most fearless efforts were put forth by bishops and missionaries to regain the empire which was lost, — not by wars and massacres, not by inquisitions and Smithfield fires, but by arguments, severe morality, and enthusiastic zeal. The Catholics vied with Protestants in learning, self-denial, and a high religious life. The triumph of Catholicism was well earned, and there was a character in it such as has not appeared before or since. It secured the respect of the world, and furnished martyrs and

saints. Their labors and sacrifices veiled, as it were, the radical evils of their system. Their light shined gloriously in cottage and palace, and sanctified their convents, their schools and their missions. The great spiritual certitudes of Christianity were illustrated and taught and accredited in those cities and communities which had been the high seats of infidelity and frivolity. It even became the fashion in courts and salons to discuss the doctrines of grace and free-will, and Augustine and Anselm became the oracles of social *réunions*, even as they had reigned as despots in the schools of the Middle Ages.

It was in this inquiring, religious, and earnest epoch in the Roman Catholic Church that Bossuet was born, at Dijon, 1627, — about the time when Puritanism was most earnest and revolutionary, and about one hundred years after the great struggle had been made by Luther to emancipate his countrymen from the thralldom of Rome. He belonged to a respectable family, without the prestige, however, of rank or wealth. In very early life he was destined for the ecclesiastical profession, and all the influences to which he was subjected had reference to this end. His position and birth enabled him to aspire to the honors, though not to the highest preferments of the Church. To be trained and educated, he was sent to a Jesuit school, where he learned Greek and Latin, and laid the foundation of high classical attainments. The Jesuits then controlled the education of Catholic Europe, and their schools were models of discipline and severe study. They were unfavorable to intellectual expansion, and the encouragement of those impulses which lead to subsequent greatness. The Jesuit school-master was a pedant, — he could teach the difference between *ae* and *et*, he could enforce rules, he could subdue the spirit of a boy; but he had no sympathy with boldness or originality, and was the slave of precedents, authorities, and conventional proprieties. Poetry, enthusiasm, and philosophical enlargement, were crushed amid the petty competitions and pedantic technicalities of the system — very good for turbulent or stupid boys, but hostile to the highest aspirations of genius. It made plodding and industrious scholars, but not thinkers and enthusiasts. At the age of fourteen the young Bossuet could converse fluently in the language of ancient Rome, and could repeat Homer by

heart — a prodigy even in a Jesuit school for his linguistic powers.

The father of Bossuet — an enlightened and learned member of the magistracy — not wishing to make his son a Jesuit, or impelled by motives of ambition, or seeking a higher and broader culture than what could be acquired in a provincial school, secured the admission of his promising and precocious boy in the College of Navarre, at Paris, — an aristocratic institution, presided over by Nicholas Cornet, a doctor celebrated for his piety and attainments. And he arrived at the capital — then as now the centre of intellectual life in France — the delight of scholars, wits, philosophers, and men of fashion and pleasure — “the hub of the universe,” — the very day that Cardinal de Richelieu, then a feeble, exhausted, dying man, entered the city in triumph, borne, in his splendid litter, on the shoulders of twenty-four men fresh from the execution of Cinq Mars and De Thou — the proud minister of vengeance and power. His imposing procession made a profound impression on the mind of the young candidate for orders, for he beheld the monarch of France secondary and obedient to his minister, — and that minister a priest, wielding the weapons of both spiritual and temporal authority — a secular Churchman reviving the days of Dunstan and Becket. Yet Richelieu was not so much the mediæval priest — reigning over weak princes by appealing to their superstitious fears, and controlling the people by a stern and dismal dogmatism, as he was the worldly statesman adopting the policy of enlightened absolutism, and, in the guise of a bishop, ruling by the fears of bayonets, and the terror of his spies — a cold, hard, inflexible, crafty, indefatigable architect of an absolute throne.

At college, Bossuet was even more distinguished than he was at school — was the oracle and pride of his classmates, who regarded him with more profound admiration than they did even their teachers themselves, for there is no enthusiasm more sincere and hearty than that with which young men at college regard their acknowledged superiors in genius among their equals in age. He was also a pet in aristocratic circles, and was carried as a wonder to the Hotel de Rambouillet, that famous centre of wit and fashion in the 17th century. Here

he recited an extempore sermon, to the amazement and delight of Condé, Mazarin, De Retz, Corbinelli, Pelisson, the Duchess de Longueville, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and the other great people whose celebrated *réunions* were the charm of society in those times. But he was not spoiled by their flatteries and admiration, although Voiture expressed the mind of the company when he said, — “*Qu'il n'avait jamais entendu prêcher si tôt ni si tard.*” At this period Bossuet selected sacred eloquence for his peculiar profession, and studied it as an art, — taking Cicero and Chrysostom for his models, and frequenting the theatres to hear the tragedies of Corneille recited. But he was soon disgusted with the vitiated taste and exaggerated action that ever have characterized the stage, even in its earlier triumphs. What artists call the legitimate drama, is and ever must be unpopular with the great majority who seek this amusement. The lower the appeals to false sentiment and vile taste, the better it will please the people — and as the theatre is supported by the people, and appeals to them, it never can soar beyond popular appreciation. Who are popular preachers, popular lecturers, popular orators? — never those whose productions are classical and severe, and from which the cultivated derive stimulus and the highest intellectual pleasure. Even Bossuet himself, in the height of his fame, was the idol of the court, of the cultivated circles of a refined capital, rather than of the people who, in Europe and America, have never yet been equal to the old Athenian audiences who were moved by the eloquence of Pericles and Demosthenes.

In 1648, at twenty years of age, Bossuet was admitted to the first grade in the Roman hierarchy, and, two years after, was ordained priest, distinguishing himself in the mean time by several remarkable efforts which brought great éclat. But he was a courtier from the beginning, and was ever more eager to gain the favor of the great than the applause of the people. It was the admiration of his *superiors* in rank and power which was the uniform object of his ambition. He gained the favor of the great Condé — then fresh with the laurels of Rocroi and Fribourg, by a eulogistic address, and the friendship and patronage of the Maréchal de Schomberg, who was Governor of

Metz, to which Bossuet retired as archdeacon, in 1652, and where he received a doctor's degree.

It was at Metz that the most laborious and profitable days of his life were spent, in the reading of the Fathers, the study of the Scriptures, and the assiduous duties of his profession. Augustine was his favorite author, whom he regarded as the profoundest master of Christian philosophy that any age has seen. He read Chrysostom for his sermons, Origen for his philosophical candor, Gregory Nazianzen for his sage instruction to kings, and Tertullian for his wild earnestness of style and masculine vigor of thought—the most vehement and impassioned of all the western Fathers. During the six years of study and meditation which he spent as Canon of the Episcopal Church of Metz, he avoided all frivolous and worldly society, and was intimate only in the family of the governor, whose wife, celebrated for virtues and attainments, honored him with a friendship, such as Paula gave to Jerome, Madame de Maintenon to Fenélon, and the Countess of Huntingdon to Whitefield. The friendship of lofty and cultivated ladies is necessary to all clergymen, even in Protestant churches;—much more so in the Catholic ranks, where priests have not the encouragement and counsel, and sympathy, of those whom they are authorized to call helpmeets. Doubtless there is no advice or support equal to what a wife can give; yet the sympathy of any noble woman is also a benediction and an inspiration, in those exhausting and discouraging labors which all ministers of the Church are bound to assume.

It was during this laborious retreat at Metz, that Bossuet formed an intimate friendship with the celebrated Vincent de Paul, canonized by the Catholic Church as one of the most illustrious of her saints. He surrendered himself to the instructions of this venerable sage, and was proud to call him master. And it cannot be doubted that intercourse with one so simple, so pure, so holy, so benevolent, and so humble, exercised the most benign influence on a young man already accustomed to the incense of fashionable circles.

In 1659, Bossuet returned to the capital to commence his memorable career, having already gained a great celebrity by his *Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique*, published in England,

Ireland, Germany, Holland, and Rome. "Never since the Council of Trent," says his biographer, Cardinal Bausset, "has there been such unanimity among the Catholic Churches in the adoption of this exposition of their faith." The Protestants united their forces to combat it, but the result was an increasing admiration for its author, who was now one of the recognized theological guides of Europe.

He commenced his career in Paris as Lent-preacher in one of the fashionable churches, as Richelieu had done before him. Everybody of culture and rank flocked to hear the rising oracle. His eclat was so great that the Queen, Anne of Austria, wished to retain his services as court preacher. In the Church of the Feuillant, in the Rue Saint Honoré, he preached his celebrated Sermon on the Character of Joseph, which won the plaudits of the court. Never had a popular orator made such a sensation from the times of Abelard. The poet Sauteul and the Queen Regent were equally his admirers. The following year, in the Church of the Carmelites, he won even greater celebrity; and the most celebrated of the Port royalists, and all distinguished in Paris for learning or position, were among his auditors. Marshal Turenne, the great Condé, the doctors of the Sorbonne, the heads of monastic houses, and even the proud ladies of the court, swelled his praises. His finished elocution, his classical purity of style, his severe taste, his graceful attitudes, his severe logic, his soaring imagination, and his lofty sentiments, marked him out as the most impressive and accomplished pulpit orator that France has ever seen. Ten years were thus consumed in the preparation and delivery of great pulpit orations. Nearly all the principal churches of Paris witnessed his triumphs; but it was in the Convent of the Carmelites — memorable as the retreat of the Duchess de Longueville, in her old age of penitence, and also of that still more famous and erring woman, at a later day, — the Duchess de la Vallière, — that his greatest efforts were displayed. Among his greatest productions were his panegyrics on Saint Paul, and Thomas of Canterbury; but that which created the greatest sensation was on "the Calling of the Gentiles," which drew the attention of the King, who made him Lent-preacher in the Chapel of the Louvre. Louis XIV. soon after appointed him

Bishop of Condom, and intrusted to his care the education of the Dauphin—a double honor, which made him an inmate of the palace, and one of the most influential persons of the court. From that period he preached only on grand occasions—such as when called to deliver funeral orations for princes and statesmen, and which are among his proudest claims to immortality.

The ten years which were passed as tutor to the heir of the monarchy,—from 1669 to 1679,—were perhaps the most eventful and brilliant of his life. He was a great ecclesiastical dignitary, filling an important office in the household of the King, and exercising a great influence, not merely on the court, but on the country. His time was chiefly spent in literary labors, and it was then that he wrote his famous “Essay on Universal History,” for which he was promoted to the Bishopric of Meaux. There were no honors of the Church to which he was not entitled, for his learning, his eloquence, his genius, and his exalted worth. But the narrowness and jealousy of the King would not allow his preferment to a bishopric of the highest rank, since none but nobles were allowed to occupy those sees, which made them peers of France. Louis XIV. was too aristocratic in his *régime* and sympathies to confer the highest honors on a plebeian, however brilliant in genius or lofty in character. Not even the most distinguished services could make him alter his settled custom in this respect. Bossuet felt bitterly the slight, but gracefully submitted, both as a courtier and as a Christian. But he obtained a seat in the French Academy; and, as a prelate, exercised a vast influence on the Gallican Church. He was also the confidential adviser of the King in ecclesiastical matters, and had a seat at the royal councils. The circumstance to which he was most indebted for the favor of Louis XIV. was his sermon on the death of Queen Henrietta of England, wife of Charles I., in which he painted, with masterly power, the influence of revolutionary principles, for which he had perfect abhorrence. He hated Cromwell and the Puritans, and showed the everlasting connection between absolutism in government with absolutism in religion—that all thrones must be supported by an established Church, and that Churchmen were capable of grasping great political

subjects. Louis XIV. saw how efficient the support of such a man would be to him in his career of tyranny, and ever listened to his counsels, when they did not militate with his passions or his pride.

During these years as tutor to the Dauphin, Bossuet enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of the greatest lights which adorned the overlauded age of Louis XIV. La Bruyère, Pélisson, Fleury, Varignon, Saurin, Valincourt, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, La Chaise, were, however, his chosen companions, and by them he was revered. He was simple in his tastes ; affable, though not genial ; accessible, but not free. No man ever more valued social position, and this he possessed. He had the ear of the King, and the adulation of the great, although neither a courtier nor a man of the world, but a scholar living among his books and his duties.

Nevertheless the excitements of the court had great attraction to so busy and ambitious a man. And who can wonder ? That court will ever form a subject of interest as long as history shall be studied. We know of nothing more instructive, more melancholy, and yet more fascinating than the details of that gilded life which have come down to us in the memoirs and letters of La Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, Daujeau, and other writers of the time. St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and the Louvre were, at the period when Bossuet was tutor to the Dauphin, the residences of the court, where La Vallière and Montespan alternately gloried in their charms ; but Versailles was already projected, — that wonderful palace which cost more than St. Peter's Church, — some \$200,000,000, — whose rooms were adorned with every wonder of art, and occupied, even to the attics, with aristocratic servitors in their varied dresses of gold and purple, especially decked out at the balls, banquets, and fêtes, which were held in almost uninterrupted succession, and at which figured all who were distinguished in France for genius, learning, rank, services, or beauty ; and where the proud monarch, accustomed to an atmosphere of lies and poisons, sat, as on an Olympian throne, to receive the homage of this crowd of worshippers, who vied with each other in the delicacy of their flatteries, and the servility of their homage. Whatever was grand, or costly, or rare, or beautiful in Europe was made to enrich and adorn this court.

Whoever was distinguished in France here assembled to reflect the glories of the central sun, — that grand egotist who said, "*l'état, c'est moi.*" Bossuet and Fénelon taught his children; Bourdaloue and Massillon reminded him of his duties; La Chaise and Le Tellier directed his conscience; Boileau and Molière sharpened his wit; La Rochefoucauld cultivated his taste; La Fontaine wrote his epigrams; Racine chronicled his wars; Turenne and Condé commanded his armies; Fouquet and Colbert arranged his finances; Molé and D'Aguessau pronounced his judgments; Louvois laid out his campaigns; Vauban fortified his citadels; Riquet dug his canals; Mansart constructed his palaces; Poussin decorated his chambers; Le Brun painted his ceilings; Le Notre laid out his gardens; Giardon sculptured his fountains; Montespan arranged his fêtes; while La Vallière, La Fayette, Montbazou, Coulanges, D'Olonne, Sévigné — all queens of beauty, displayed their graces in the Salon de Vénus. What an array of great men and brilliant women to reflect the splendors of an almost oriental throne, while he who sat upon it, — Caesar arrayed like Artaxerxes, in purple, gold, and gems, — annihilated such a man as Racine with a frown, and kindled raptures into the souls of all the proud duchesses of the land by one benignant smile. Never was a monarch served by such geniuses; never was one more favored by birth, and accident, and circumstance. Beautiful, healthy, vigorous, dignified, with most exquisite manners, unusual tact, great aptitude for business, severe taste, generous in his impulses, ambitious in his aims, he commenced his reign with an unbounded éclat. Heir of the powers of Richelieu and the treasures of Mazarin, with facilities for doing whatever he pleased, courted by foreign potentates, absolute within his own dominions, the fountain of inexhaustible honor, arbiter of all fortunes, the observed of all observers, with supple ministers, subservient parliaments, loyal armies, and idolatrous courtiers, great boons were expected and great triumphs predicted.

Such was the man to whom the greatest divine of the age was proud to do homage, — to his person, to his opinions, to his accidents; and such was the court in which he figured as one of the lesser lights around the central sun. Life in such a court was full of excitement, intrigue, and vanity. Nor did Bossuet

escape altogether the influence of its dangerous fascinations. Still he maintained his dignity, practised the austere virtues, and commanded universal respect. He was still a priest in all his majesty, authority, and intellectual pride, — the minister of omnipotence rebuking sins and preventing scandals. The tonsure and purple assimilated well with his lofty deportment, and full and elegant figure. His hair was brown and silky, his eyes black and piercing, yet sweet, his face serene as Moses, his nose straight and delicate, his mouth large and expressive, his lips thin and compressed, and his countenance beaming with smiles and gentleness. "Nature made him tender, dogmatism rendered him hard, while the pallid hue of his cheeks showed the severity of the midnight studies, which drain the sap of life."

On the death of the Dauphin, Bossuet passed his time between his palace of Meaux, his country-seat of Germigny, and the royal palace of Versailles, — pontiff at Meaux, philosopher at Germigny, and politician at court.

As a prelate, he took the highest rank, not in external dignity, but in real power. He was ambitious, and had aspired to the archbishopric of Paris, — a post which belonged to him, so far as genius, and learning, and sanctity, and services constituted the grounds of merit; but in this aim he was disappointed, because his birth was plebeian. No other monarch than Louis XIV. would have denied him this rank among ecclesiastics, but he atoned for the neglect, in a measure, by giving to him great spiritual powers, for it was the voice of Bossuet that had the most influence on the King in those ecclesiastical troubles which constitute a great feature of the reign and of the age. He was assiduous in the discharge of his duties, setting an example of labor and fidelity which was not lost even on an ungodly generation. He was accessible, courteous, hospitable, sympathetic, dignified, — like a primitive bishop, giving no scandal, and devoting his energies to the Church. He was indifferent to riches, and kept an open table, but lived with the simplicity of St. Chrysostom.

His greatest service to civilization as a prelate of the Church was the glorious stand he made against the Jesuits and the encroachments of Rome. He is celebrated as the defender of Gallican liberties against ultramontane pretensions. He drew

the line between allegiance to Rome and allegiance to the King ; and in all temporal questions exalted the State over the Church. He denied the infallibility of the Pope, and vested infallibility in the united voice of the Church itself. And he carried the French clergy with him in the great councils in which he occasionally presided, and thus contributed to weaken the papal power in France. And Rome never recovered from the rebuke which he gave to her foreign domination in temporal matters. And hence he is not a favorite with the Jesuits, for he undermined their power, even while they had their confessors in the courts of princes. We doubt if the Order itself would have been suppressed by Louis XV., had it not been for the stand which Bossuet had made against their encroachments. It was a tax on Christendom to build St. Peter's Church which led to the first outbreaks of the Reformation. The Message of Luther was prepared by the abuse of indulgences. So it was the desire of gold which led to the great quarrel between Innocent XI. and Louis XIV. The point in dispute was whether the revenues of bishoprics and abbacies, falling vacant, should be possessed by the King or by the Church. The contest was so violent that Louis XIV. was obliged to convoke an extraordinary council of his bishops and clergy. In the convocation, he claimed a right over all the livings in France, and the privilege of nominating bishops and pastors. Bossuet, in whose eyes the King was invested with supernatural power, advocated the claims of his master and patron. The Vatican stigmatized him as the father of revolt, after having before proclaimed him as a father of the Church. But, with his powerful logic, he demolished the theocratical pretensions of the Dark Ages, and rendered unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. He caused the clergy to acknowledge their fealty to the Pope in matters of faith, and to the King in matters of property, — and this great question was decided forever in France. The oracle of the Gallican Church might have been made a cardinal, but for this rebellion against Rome ; but his efforts in behalf of the liberties of France have endeared him to his country, although they alienated the more violent of his Church.

As philosopher at Germigny he produced that renowned essay on which his fame as an historical student rests. From

forty-five to fifty-five years of age he retraced his studies to teach lessons to a listless boy, even as Fenélon displayed the riches of his imagination in his *Telemachus*. "The Discourse on Universal History," is a work of undoubted genius. It is not a catalogue of names and dates, persons and events, but a successful grouping of the great movements of the race. It does not give definite knowledge, but is a painting, like "The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo." Nor is it rich in philosophical deductions, but it shows the Providence of God, and recognizes him as a personality ruling in the affairs of nations. He exposes the vanity of man, while he exalts the majesty of God. Philosophers do not find in this famous treatise the light *they* seek; but Christians see in it a great tribute to the Power which rules the world. All human liberty sinks into insignificance before the awful decrees of the King of kings. Nor does he allow any other judge to kings than God himself. The tendency of the book, like that of all the writings of Bossuet, is to exalt absolutism, — nevertheless the spirit of it is religious and profound.

As politician at the court, Bossuet had an immense influence. He was mixed up with all the cabals of nobles — all the intrigues of women, with the love-matters of the King, and the persecutions which unfortunately rent France in his latter days. It was he who drove the Duchess de la Valliere to her cheerless convent, where she expiated, by such bitter grief, her criminal attachment for the egotistical Nebuchadnezzar of Versailles. He undermined the power of Montespan, and prepared the way for the ascendancy of Madame de Maintenon. It was he who favored the secret marriage, when Fenélon and Louvois complained of the *faux pas*, and her reign became the sovereignty of the priesthood, whose agent she was. He introduced Fenélon to the notice of the King, and quarrelled with him when he became his rival. He regulated the conference with the Protestant ministers, and submitted, with impatience, to their liberty of speech. He pronounced against the religious rhapsodies of Madame Guyon; opposed the saintly *coteries* of St. Cyr, and commenced the attack on the "Maxims of the Saints," which ended in his estrangement from Fenélon, and the banishment of his rival to Cambray.

This quarrel with Fénelon is the saddest event in the brilliant and noble career of Bossuet. In imagination, sensibility, independence, and sympathy, Fénelon was his superior. He was his equal in courtly manners, severe taste, and general scholarship. He was only inferior in eloquence as a preacher, in definite theological knowledge, and ecclesiastical influence. Both were pious, devout, and devoted to their duties. Fénelon was the more amiable and fascinating; Bossuet the more impressive and commanding — the former more aristocratic and refined — the latter more dignified and majestic. Bossuet was already the religious dictator of France, before Fénelon was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy. The intercourse between them was rather as teacher and disciple than as equals, though both entertained not only a profound friendship for each other, but unbounded mutual admiration. The aged Churchman was the professed guardian of the Faith, and he saw in the rhapsodies of Madame Guyon, whom Fénelon befriended and perhaps endorsed, danger, fallacy, and nonsense. They were unsound and heretical, and precisely of such as he himself, with his definite knowledge and dogmatic nature, had a peculiar dislike. He heard that his beloved disciple and son, whom he had patronized, whom he had consecrated as Archbishop of Cambray, had given himself up to ecstatic visions — had abandoned the august doctrines of the Church, and was led astray by the strange revelations of a female adventurer and dreamer; and it filled him with grief, astonishment, and horror. Liberty of thought had never penetrated his soul. His whole philosophy was embodied in his dogmas. He had no patience or toleration with those who differed from the standards, and the persecution of his old friend was the result. He committed great injustice, but it was because the integrity of the faith was more sacred than friendship. He was urged by the loftiest motives as a public guardian of the doctrines of his Church. Fénelon would have triumphed had it not been for the interposition of Louis XIV., for few saw with the eyes of the Bishop of Meaux. Though condemned, Fénelon obtained the sympathy of all Christian Europe, and even gained the moral victory; since he submitted, without expostulation, to the judgment of his ecclesiastical superiors, and even had the magnanimity to pronounce

his condemnation from his own pulpit. We do not know which of these two illustrious men to admire the more — the one who made religion a life, rather than a system of dogmas, and who soared above parties, above sects, above his own Church, and loved virtue and appreciated genius in whatever garb they were hidden from the world; or the other, to whom truth in its integrity was dearer than friendship, or peace, or popular favor.

Fortunate would it have been for the fame of Bossuet if his persecutions had been confined to Fénelon and Madame Guyon. But he encouraged the King in his warfare against the Protestants. Neither Richelieu nor Mazarin had dared to revoke the Edict of Nantes, much as both hated the Huguenots and religious toleration. But no sooner did Louis XIV. assume the reins of power than it became his settled policy to render the faith of his subjects uniform — to conform it to his own standard. Love and war for a long time suspended his plans. Amid the excitements of Versailles, he seemed to forget that there were dissentients from himself. But when he became satiated with glory and pleasure — when the vanities and follies, which he had pursued with such reckless disregard of the public interest, appeared in their true light, and he had been made to drink of the bitter cup of retributive justice, then Madame de Maintenon, Le Tellier his chancellor, Bossuet, and his Jesuit confessor, began to turn his attention to the religious state of the land. Missionaries, escorted by dragoons, spread themselves over France, and a hideous persecution commenced. Four hundred thousand were either exiled, or imprisoned, or executed, or sent to the galleys. The best people of the land suffered more cruelties than disgraced the reign of Charles IX. The blinded King excluded the Protestants from nearly every office, civil and military, and subjected them to taxes and humiliations, and innumerable vexations. All the cavalry of the kingdom was placed at the disposal of the clergy to uphold their bloody missions. The legalized persecutions, which recalled the worst days of the Roman emperors, decimated the land. The Protestants fled, for it was crime even to employ Catholic servants, lest the religion of the master should corrupt the household; or to have Protestant servants, lest their houses

should become asylums. Terror kindled fanaticism, and rebellion followed massacre. The whole power of the government was employed in extinguishing the liberties of the Protestants. And it succeeded. It accomplished what the League could not effect in the time of Catharine de Medici, and what Richelieu dared not attempt when conqueror of La Rochelle.

In these foul massacres Bossuet was implicated. He excused them, and at first stimulated them. He was not beyond the bigotry of his age and Church. Yet it was his logic, rather than his soul, which was cruel. Religious and political faith, in his eyes, justified the proscriptions. But he was not a sinner above all those who took up stones at Jerusalem. Madame de Sévigné, the Duke de Montausier, and Madame de Maintenon, — in fact the leaders of the court, — regarded the revocation of the Edict of Nantes as a virtual suppression of a hideous rebellion, and the reëstablishment of the royal power.

But we will not linger on the foul and memorable acts which disgraced that court of which Bossuet was one of its shining lights. It is not for his faults and errors, but his services to the Church, and his great and commanding genius, that he is best known in history.

It is as a pulpit orator that he is most famous. The eloquence of the pulpit was at a low ebb when he appeared. The sermons of priests were pedantic, frivolous, and without force. As it was the custom to preach without notes, sermons were generally ranting and inelegant. But Bossuet made eloquence an art — he prepared his discourses most carefully, and then committed them to memory. Such sermons are not always the most efficient on a popular audience; but few have been valued by posterity which have not been the result of study, and which are not also works of art. The great aim of preaching is doubtless conversion to God, but, among people of culture sermons have no force which are not able and profound. Nor do we speak of Bossuet as an evangelist or missionary; but one set apart for the instruction of the higher ranks of an ungodly city. As Lent orator — on occasions when all Catholics make it a duty to attend church, he won a great fame. His sermons are not only great masterpieces of art, but deeply pervaded with moral wisdom, and the

spirit of religion. His style was impressive and appropriate, though elaborate, — never stilted, and without pedantry and affectation of intensity, deriving its force from the matter rather than the words. It was not so finished as that of Bourdaloue, nor so polished as that of Massillon, but more majestic and severe. People did not go away from his discourses in rapture with *him*, so much as discontented with themselves. Even before the proud court of Louis XIV. he gave humiliating impressions of worldly grandeur. Like Augustine, he loved to dwell on the majesty of God rather than the majesty of man. He constantly spoke of the mutability of all mortal affairs, and presented the terrors of a judgment to come. He gave sombre views of human life, and was a perpetual rebuke to the false philosophy of the day, as well as to fashion and folly. He appealed to the conscience of kings and courtiers as if they were his humblest auditors. He dictated to all men the great doctrines and duties of the Church. His dogmatism might not be admired by the “more advanced” of our generation, but dogmatism is ever one of the secrets of pulpit power. The minister is an ambassador of Heaven, and he declares the messages of God to rebellious men. Persuasion and argument are not to be disdained; but some truths are to be declared without argument as the declaration of the Lord. Bossuet communicated his messages without fear or favor, with all the sternness of an ancient prophet. He disdained to soften down the meaning of God Almighty to please even fastidious courtiers and fashionable women — any class of pedants or politicians or people of the world. He mounted the pulpit to teach and instruct them, not to win their praises or their rewards. Nor did he address his hearers as if they were skeptics, but believers in justice, temperance, and a judgment to come. He did not stoop to talk of the reasonableness of doctrines which had been handed down for fifteen hundred years, and which are beyond the range of reason to explain, but which are to be received as the test of obedience. He did not appeal to the people so much as judges as sinners, and he spoke with dignity because he recognized the greatness of his mission, and the overwhelming importance of the truths which he delivered. He was convinced himself of the doctrines he presented, and of the duties which he

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enforced ; and preached with that irresistible eloquence which earnestness and sincerity alone produce. He thus raised the standard of pulpit eloquence in France, not by his rhetoric, but his fidelity to his cause. He never lowered the style of his discourses to suit perverted tastes. There was nothing of that sensation eloquence which finds admirers with the people. He was no clerical buffoon, relying on grimace, and anecdote, and humor, and abuse. There was a severe dignity in all his efforts — solemn, stern, impressive, a dispenser of momentous truths to rebellious man. Especially, in his funeral orations, he soars to the highest flights of eloquence ; and, as a minister of eternity, casts before the altar of Omnipotence the dust of mortal grandeur. He is never more at his ease than among the tombs, and his genius is never more fruitful than on the subject of death. He never departed from the standard authorities of the Church on all questions of religious belief. His creed was in harmony with Athanasius and St. Augustine. His leading idea was the all-controlling agency of God in human affairs, and the certainty of retribution. His view of special Providence pervades not only his sermons, but his discourse on Universal History. He believed in the permitted power of Satan, and recognized his personal presence. But all his doctrines were clothed in the most appropriate and lofty language. He condescended to no tricks. His style is classical and elegant, and will hence be admired in proportion as culture and taste prevail among the people. He never did anything to degrade the pulpit — or make men laugh, or even contented with themselves, or with their own shallow opinions. Such a man might not be popular with people of perverted tastes and unbounded self-conceit in our modern capitals, where curious strangers swell the fame of those who seek to amuse them. Not a deep bass voice, not a good elocution in the reading of the Scriptures, not theatrical gestures, not frivolous apostrophes to flowers and stars, not cutting hits on doctors of divinity, not the recognition of wisdom in collected masses, were the basis of his pulpit fame, but the presentation of man as the Gospel views him in his dependence, sinfulness, and danger — a worm of the dust, whose hope alone is in the grace of God. Nor did he expatiate on the dignity of human nature, and the progressive developments of a corrupt

society, but on man as fallen, and perverse, and blind, to whom immortality is brought to light by the Gospel of Christ. It is the seriousness, the earnestness, the solemnity of the matter of his discourses which impress us with his extraordinary power — his lasting power — and he remains a model even for Protestant clergymen, and in all ages and countries.

“His style, conformable with the majesty of his position, was simple as the oracle which disdains to please; unpremeditated as the word uttered, without selection, in the rapidity of thought; rapid as the inspiration which fears to escape from itself; slow as meditation, which forgets the lapse of time; unaimed as the shaft which is hurled at random, and which the eye does not even follow to witness the effect; naked as the truth from which every veil is torn and trampled under foot in the eagerness to display its natural purity; collected and reflective as the temple; always guided by nature to the idea or sentiment it desires to express; losing sight of the auditory and the chain of reasoning to utter an unexpected ebullition of joy or grief; and giving vent to involuntary feeling in direct communion with duty, either in dialogues or hymns which had had no parallel in these modern times.”

The man was forgotten in the inspired missionary, indifferent to praises, filled alone with the greatness of the truths he sought to illustrate and enforce. Bourdaloue may have had more logic, and Massillon more melody of style, but Bossuet was more poetical, pathetic, and profound.

It is in his funeral orations that his vast superiority over all the great orators of his age is seen. And those were peculiarly adapted to his lofty and sombre genius, in which he developed all the grandeur of his soul, knowledge of character, variety of language, pathos, sentiment, and acquaintance with history, and with political ideas. He also showed himself to be a great artist, as well as a deeply read divine. It is perhaps difficult, in reading those great discourses, to conceive fully the effect said to have been produced, for we are not familiar with all the circumstances under which they were delivered, nor with all the accessories which assisted his eloquence: —

“The temple hung with black; the uncovered altar; the funeral torches; the priests clothed in sombre vestments; the bier surrounded with the family and friends of the deceased; the tears of relatives;

the contrast between the greatness and fame of the dead with the inanimate corpse ; the presence of kings, and princes, and nobles ; the deep gloom which overspread the city and the land."

No sermons, no orations, no speeches, have the force on a reader that they have on a hearer ; but what sermons are more impressive than these, even after the lapse of generations ? How tame and unfinished are the discourses of our modern orators compared with these ? The most admired of these immortal orations, are perhaps those pronounced on the occasion of the death of the great Condé, Queen Henrietta of England, the Chancellor Le Tellier, and Maria Theresa of Austria. But it is admiration which is chiefly called out, for the great historical knowledge, acquaintance with political principles, profound moral wisdom, lofty sentiments, and exquisite art of composition. The affections and sympathies of the heart are not profoundly appealed to, nor are the higher aspirations of the soul recognized. They do not move us. They do not kindle us. We do not discover the impassioned ardor of Augustine, the fiery impetuosity of Tertullian, or the warm humanity of Bernard, or the appeal to popular instincts, such as made Luther the idol of the people, or the soaring imagination of Jeremy Taylor, nor the intense appreciation of spiritual interests which keep alive the fame and piety of Whitefield. They are classical productions — they belong to the head — are the effect of culture, taste, and learning. They are dogmatic ; they recognize too fully the distinctions of earth, they appeal to conventional life, they regard man in his accidents rather than himself. They are the productions of a courtier, a priest, a prelate, rather than of a philosopher or a saint. We do not warm with those sentiments which underlie all that is great in man, and charming in life. They are not food for patriots, like the speeches of Burke, with the glorious certitudes of loyalty, and love, and veneration, shining out in every page, forming anchors of hope and pillars of conservative strength. The loyalty of Bossuet was obedience to the King ; his faith the repose on consecrated dogmas ; his love, fidelity to his cause. He did not appeal to the universal heart of man ; he did not comprehend the ever-changing relations of society ; he did not meditate on abstract truth. Those ideas, which are eternal and

necessary, but hidden by the conventionalities of the world and the superstitions of a corrupt Church, were not those in which he gloried. Like Pascal, he taught the majesty of God and the littleness of man ; but, unlike him, he did not see debasement in glory, and glory in debasement. He was impressed with the grandeur of kings and the pomps of earth ; and could show how this grandeur would pass away, and how those pomps must end in vanity ; but he did not hear the wail of suffering mortals in their cruel chains, he did not sympathize with the aspirations which came from hovels and attics, and which cried to heaven for aid. He was orthodox, logical, fearless, dignified, grand ; but saw theology, history, philosophy, government, and social life only through the interpretations of the Church. Hence his eloquence was not unfettered, spontaneous, bold, and never can touch the heart of the world. There is nothing in it of holy abandon to truth wherever truth may lead, without which eloquence becomes rhetoric — art rather than nature. The greatest minds, like Plato, Bacon, Calvin, throw themselves upon the great ultimate verities to which the soul responds. Bossuet appealed to dogmas, decrees, authorities, courts, conventionalities. Nor can oratorical fame rest on a firm foundation when the aspirations of man as man are ignored or despised. It is not the art and culture in the “ *Pensées*,” which make Pascal immortal, but his fearless and steady gaze on the great certitudes of religious faith, untrammelled even by the deductions of reason. Bossuet never soared beyond what was taught by the oracles of the Catholic Church, beyond the conceptions of kings — beyond the appreciation of the wise and noble. He had nothing of the toleration of Fénelon ; he could not understand the rhapsodies of Madame Guyon ; he could not see wisdom or radiance among the Protestants. He was the orator of a church, of a court, of a caste. And as such, he has never been surpassed, or even equalled, — not by Chrysostom himself.

But the influence of Bossuet was perhaps even greater as a theologian than as an orator, inasmuch as it was more extended and permanent. He was not, however, like Athanasius, or Augustine, or Calvin, the representative of particular doctrines, which he systematized and defended to meet the exigencies and circumstances of the times. We do not associate

with him either human depravity, or free-will, or the Trinity, or justification by faith. He is celebrated chiefly as the guardian of all the great doctrines which the Church had indorsed. The Fathers, in his eyes, were sacred authorities, and their writings were the groundwork of his own creed; nor did he aspire to be a system-maker, or impress his individual opinions on the mind of Christendom. He had no opinions apart from what the Church had consecrated. He had great contempt for what is called the progress of theological knowledge. He repudiated the idea that theology is a science capable of an indefinite improvement. He sought merely to preserve the old landmarks — the treasures which were endangered by philosophical speculation. In regard to the established doctrines of the Church, as the Fathers had systematized them, no man ever wrote more luminously than Bossuet. He neither added to them, nor subtracted from them, but enforced them with great eloquence and logic. He did much to incite the spirit of theological discussion, the taste for which, in the seventeenth century, was not confined to Protestants. It characterized the age and all Christendom. Nobles and magistrates disputed on the great articles of religious belief as well as divines and scholars. Even ladies entered into the charmed arena, and quoted Origen and Thomas Aquinas. Louis XIV. loved a theological argument as well as Henry VIII.; and as for Madame de Maintenon, she was always surrounded with doctors and priests.

Some may smile at this antiquated taste, which distinguished Puritans and Jansenists alike, and all the lofty spirits of an intensely intellectual age, and may regard it as one of the proofs of a lower civilization, as a mawkish sympathy with the dark ages. To them there are no certitudes but the generalizations of naturalists, and the deductions of philosophy. A material civilization alone has charms to them — political rights, theories of government, discoveries in science, applications of mechanical forces. But the more earnest men of greater ages, looked upon theological inquiry as the loftiest direction of human thought, since it pertains to God, and the soul, and immortality, — the source of all moral wisdom, the life of all true inspiration, and upon which a man can fall back when he has exhausted the wisdom and experiences of this world, like Plato,

and Anselm, and Augustine, and Pascal, and Edwards, and Howe. Even Daniel Webster once said in the hearing of the writer —

“That he believed there was more valuable truth yet to be gleaned from the Sacred Writings, which has thus far escaped the attention of commentators, than from all other sources of human knowledge combined.”

Now no man gave greater dignity to theological inquiries in the seventeenth century than Bossuet himself, even at the worldly court of Louis XIV. Unfortunately he attached more value to the Fathers of the Church, and the decrees of councils, than is consistent with the rights of private judgment and the ultimate authority of the Scriptures. Hence he can never take rank among theologians — such as Calvin will enjoy to the end of time — who subjected all dogmas to the revelations of God, and the deductions of a cloudless reason. He even did not soar to the highest realms of truth like Pascal in his “Thoughts.” Nor is it possible for Roman Catholicism to produce as great a theologian as Protestantism, with all the aid of traditions and ecclesiastical treasures, since the latter simply consults the oracles of the Church without being enslaved by them. Catholicism is shy of the aid of science, and new discoveries which shed light on interpretation. But Protestantism, while it does not disdain the voices of venerated fathers and saints, still refers all theological truth ultimately to authority in its highest form.

The Roman Catholics boast much of the unity of the Church, and profess a pious horror of sects and religious diversities. They forget the squabbles of Dominicans and Franciscans, Jesuits and Jansenists, when the questions at issue were precisely those which have ever divided the Protestant world — the everlasting questions pertaining to grace and free-will — and go back even to the discussions of the primitive Church on the atonement, the incarnation, and the depravity and helplessness of man. The protests of Pelagians against this incurable imbecility and wickedness of unregenerated man have been heard in every age, and were the subject of mockery with Abelard as well as defiance with Theodore Parker. It is hard for those who boast

of the dignity of our nature to accept the humility which is learned only at the foot of the Cross. Man defies God even in the gifts which God bestows, and refuses to accept that which gives the only title to his favor, or even to immortality itself, which is a gift. In regard to the connection of divine grace with the self determining power of the will in the work of repentance and salvation, the Catholics ever have been as much divided as the Protestants themselves, and probably ever will be.

In regard, however, to an external unity, of creed, of government and general polity, Bossuet, it must be allowed, rendered more service to *his* church than to the Church universal, and for which he received the thanks of the Roman hierarchy, without, however, receiving the highest prizes which Rome holds out to her defenders. With his profound knowledge of the writings of the Fathers and the doctrines of the Church, with his subtle mind and inexorable logic, he detected the least variation from the orthodox standard. He could not be imposed upon by casuistry, nor attractive speculation, nor transcendental mysticism. He was a foe to everything indefinite, and to all opinions which could be perverted. He knew the exact ground on which he himself stood and his opponents stood. An expression, casually dropped, by friend or foe, was a key to unlock a system or reveal a heresy. Feathers show the way that winds blow, and heedless remarks sometimes expose more truly the general current of the thoughts — the deeper sympathies of the soul — enmities or friendships, — than a studied exposition of opinions. Little does a Spiritualist, or a Pantheist, or Socinian dream that, in free conversation, a single word will reveal the *animus* of his life to a man profoundly versed in the relations of philosophical truth, and in the logical sequence of opinions. Bossuet had a great insight because he had great experience and knowledge. Thus he early detected the unsoundness of Fénelon, with all his piety and weight of character. Thus he saw, in the ecstasies of Madame Guyon, a boundless conceit, as well as honest cravings for spiritual union with Christ. Thus he perceived the unrelenting hostilities of the Jansenists to the despotism of the Church ; — and when he was certain of a variation from the doctrines he defended, he was uncompromising and fierce. He took part against the Port

royalists, the Jesuits, and the Quietists, on different grounds, but with exceeding rigor, — demonstrating that their opinions logically led to conclusions at war with the Church under whose banners they enlisted.

But Bossuet, as a theologian, is most distinguished for his controversies with the Protestants. He was the most triumphant assailant they ever had, who resorted to arguments rather than to the sword. Though dogmatic and intolerant, he cannot be called a persecutor, except in the encouragement he gave to Louis XIV. As a prelate, in his own diocese, he resorted to no unusual cruelties. He fought with the pen. He was a controversialist. He wrote a great book against the variations of the Protestants. It was not published till 1688, and it made a great sensation. So far as such a work can be called immortal, this may claim immortality. If a book lives one hundred years, it will be treasured, at least, as a monument of genius. There was nobody to be found who could answer it, although many attempted it. It was answered, as "Gibbons' History" was answered, by abuse and vituperation, which of course it survived. It was not demolished like Mr. Buckle's history; for, in the main, it is true. It may be exaggerated, yet its great features are incontrovertible. Those who attempted its refutation injured rather than advanced their cause, since they denied the fact that Protestants do differ. They foolishly attempted to prove the unity of the Protestant creed, while everybody knows that Protestants are not united in their articles of belief. While dissensions were scandalizing the Protestants, the adversaries of Bossuet ignored so great a fact — a necessary result of one of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. So long as private judgment is recognized, how can men interpret the Scriptures the same? Protestants recognize the Bible as the only standard of authority, and human reason as its interpreter. But human reason is clouded and perverse. The same admitted declaration will be interpreted differently, nor can it be otherwise. Nor can there be union unless one sect ignores the existence of all the rest. The Episcopalians call themselves *the* Church, and have even gone so far, in some cases, as to pretend that they alone are Protestants. In this sense there may be no variation among Protestants such as what Bossuet affirms.

But who would exclude Presbyterians, Baptists, and Unitarians from the Protestant ranks? They may not all be orthodox, yet they recognize alike the principle of private judgment and allegiance to the Scriptures, which constitute the genius of Protestantism. And even Episcopalians differ really among themselves. There is no uniformity of belief among Protestants, even though they may unite in its standard. And even orthodoxy, — by which we mean the evangelical doctrines of our faith, — those which recognize the depravity of the heart, and the need of regeneration, and the divinity of Christ, and the Trinity and other doctrines which the Fathers systematized and endorsed — may be and have been held by Catholics as well as by Protestants. In orthodoxy, who was sounder than St. Augustine, Anselm, and Pascal? The Catholics are unsound because they have added to the creed of the early Fathers; because they maintain views of Church polity irreconcilable with primitive usage; because they have endorsed superstitious rights; because their worship is allied with idolatry; because they believe in a Pope, and indulgences for sin, and a pompous ceremonial, and an imposing hierarchy, and in numberless superstitions. Yet, when they have treated of the doctrines of faith, many of them have not differed from St. Augustine or Athanasius. Many Catholics are nearer to the truth, as it is in Jesus, than many *enlightened and progressive* Protestants. In the realm of pure theology, Bossuet did not differ essentially from Calvin and Cranmer. Calvin and Cranmer have only repudiated additional doctrines which were adopted in the dark ages. Protestantism, when liberal, has only cut off the absurdities of Romanism, not denied its fundamental theological creed. Do not Catholics accept the Apostles' creed, and the Nicene and Athanasian also? The life of Protestantism is not in rejecting doctrines which the Catholics have accepted, — this is stupidity and narrowness, — but such as reason shows are not in accordance with the word of God. And when this right is conceded, of judging what *is* in accordance with the Scriptures, there must be diversities. Extravagant, and even absurd views, are incident to a system which allows every man to draw his own creed from the Bible. This is one of the evils of Protestantism, if it be an evil. But Christianity is greater than either Roman-

ism or Protestantism. It would be well for the Protestants to accept some truths which they have repudiated *because* the Catholics have endorsed them. The Church of the Middle Ages dwelt on some of the passive virtues which we have overlooked. There may be as much evil engendered by an unrestrained liberty as a slavish submission. There is no liberty commended in the Scriptures aside from that which is produced by the Spirit of the Lord.

The error of the antagonists of Bossuet was, that they had not faith in their own principles, and did not understand the genius of Protestantism itself. They wished to cling to the very spirit which has been the disgrace of Romanism — even intolerance — the standing error and infirmity of all sects and parties. Jurieu and Basnage, of Holland, evinced the very soul of Jesuitism itself when they denied that Protestants differed. Such bigots could not stand before the logic and eloquence of Bossuet, nor the indignant spirit of an awakened age. It was mean and paltry to deny the very thing of which many Protestants glory. They should have admitted Bossuet's position, and so have said — what then? Protestantism can stand in spite of its contradiction and diversities. Its glory is in giving light to the people, in emancipating reason from the trammels of a ghostly and dismal authority, in the free circulation of the Scriptures, in the spirit of activity which it encourages in works of philanthropy, in the unbounded facilities of the worship of God according to the dictates of conscience. These are great boons to the human race. And they have produced magnificent results, and led to unbounded triumphs in civilization itself. Religious liberty is connected with civil liberty, and all the recognized rights of man. It is the cause of the little progress of which we can boast. It has made England superior to France, and the United States the home of the oppressed. It may fail in emancipating mankind. What then? All human efforts are a failure, in one sense. That is, they do not produce the good we expect. But where would we have been without *experiments* in liberty? Have the Puritans lived in vain? Is the world the worse for the colonization of America, even should America be split up into an hundred governments, and its great hopes pass away like antediluvian schemes?

The opponents of Bossuet committed another error. They had the weakness to invoke ecclesiastical authority, when the genius of Protestantism is in despising it. They professed to use the weapons of reason, and threw themselves under the shelter of councils, and prelates, and synods, and opinions of eminent men. They tried to reconcile authority with reason ; Church establishments with primitive usage ; the ancient with the present. They ridiculed the Fathers in relation to celibacy, and quoted their authority on predestination. They virtually denied the conclusion to which their doctrine logically led. They wanted the support of the Fathers when they agreed with them, but were willing to reject them whenever they disagreed. The opinions of the wise and good ever will have force on the human understanding ; but they are never to be received as authorities in matters which the Scriptures have settled. And in things concerning which the Scriptures are silent, these reason and circumstances alone can settle. The Scriptures say but little of the forms of government. In the distracted and peculiar state of the Roman empire in the 3d and 4th centuries, the Christians submitted to the dictation of bishops, and bishops availed themselves of circumstances. Circumstances alone created the organization of the hierarchy. This may have been wise or unwise, fortunate or unfortunate, but the authors of an external polity appealed to circumstances, of which they were the best judges. And when the authority of the Fathers is rejected, there is no other law but circumstances in those organizations which the Scriptures do not recommend. How absurd to appeal to the authority of the Fathers in support of governments which they adopted from their peculiar circumstances.

But the work of Bossuet rather confounded the Protestants than rendered any peculiar service to his own church. He silenced his adversaries by showing diversities of which they themselves were ashamed. He saw their weak points, and adapted his arguments to the existing prejudices of the world. He did not, by proving diversities among Protestants, conceal the defects of his own system, or show its superiority on any lofty grounds.

In regard, however, to his theological doctrines, he did show

loftiness of mind and profound respect as to the spirit of the Gospel. He grappled with the doctrines which St. Augustine had defended with the stern earnestness of a man who felt that they were vital to salvation — were revelations of infinite wisdom which could not be disregarded. He recognized the majesty of God and the littleness of man, and these were fundamental ; — on these truths were built his whole system. A sublime realism pervades his writings, like those of Bernard and Arnould. Like Pascal, he showed the everlasting gulf which lies between Reason and Faith. Like Bacon, he showed that one would not explain the other. Persuaded of this, he did not attempt to harmonize, with his intellectual pride, the things that angels desire to know. Here he was like all the great master-intellec[t]s which have adorned our race — the real giants of the mind who have penetrated to the limits of useless inquiry. Here he was unlike those quacks and pretenders who have disbelieved or ridiculed what they could not understand, from those flippant philosophers who combated St. Augustine, to the observers of rocks, and shells, and bugs, who call themselves *savants*, in our own day — wise men, like the Sophoi among the Greeks. There is no profound theology which does not recognize the helplessness and misery of man until aided by supernatural grace. The cant about the dignity of human nature is Pagan and shallow. The Bible speaks of man as a worm of the dust — defiled and polluted by sin — and hopelessly enslaved by the Prince of the Power of the air, until released by a greater arm than his. When man is seen in his true relations to God, then his divine sovereignty is accepted as the only ground of rest ; and it is divested of every repulsive feature which the proud and rebellious profess to see in its application. We lose ourselves in the divine glory, and attain the end for which we were created. God be merciful to me a sinner — O God, thou infinite and holy, give me the spirit of abasement and gratitude ; it is then, in these depths of penitence we begin to live, and from these only do we begin to rise. Such is the spirit of Bossuet's theology, in accordance with the views of St. Augustine, pervading all his writings, and carried by him to the chamber of death. From the helplessness of man, of which Augustine was so firmly persuaded, by his own experiences and

the word of God, Bossuet was led, like him, to meditate on the Power which had rescued him from bondage, and his profound meditations made him exalt the Divine Majesty and Sovereignty as the highest subject of thought, as well as the only glory of the universe. Not on a mystic theology would he, like Plato and Porphyry, repose, but in the arms of Christian faith, which alone explained the origin of life and the destiny of man. A positive religion alone could bring him consolation, and he embraced, with profound conviction, the dogmas he did not profess or seek to explain on principles of reason. The spiritual philosophy with which this doctrine harmonized, inspired him with incomparable eloquence, and set at defiance his mental doubts and weaknesses. And Bossuet was also a stern guardian of public morals, as he was of the Catholic faith. He did not hesitate to expostulate with the King himself, in view of the scandals he created, though he was too much of a blind worshipper of royalty to reprove him openly in his sermons as Bourdaloue did not scruple to do. Like Fenelon, he attempted to impress on the mind of the royal egotist, that he reigned for the good of his people, rather than for his own pleasure. He preached the vanity of military glory to an infatuated people as he did to a blinded monarch. He lifted up his voice against theatres, and all demoralizing intellectual enjoyments. At the court of an absolute prince, he was a censor rather than a flatterer.

Thus this great man lived, a father of the Church, surrounded with admiring friends, and universally revered for his learning, sanctity, and lofty principles. As he grew old, he retired more and more, to the quiet repose of his diocesan city; but literary and theological labors employed his mind and hand to the last. He resigned himself, without bitterness, to the great disappointment of his life in not attaining an archbishopric and a cardinal's hat. He was never heard to murmur the words of Strabon, "*Nolite fidem principibus*," and faith and piety closed, to all human eyes, the wounds of his ambition. A lamp was always seen burning in his chamber, and he frequently arose from his bed to write down the thoughts which visited his waking hours. He slept but little, and lived with frugality, although he dispensed a splendid hospitality. His opulence for-

tunately permitted him to neglect domestic affairs, and he led a life of alternate study and active labor, devoted to the duties of his cathedral, yet finding leisure for conversation and familiar intercourse with friends, among whom might be mentioned those most distinguished in France for learning and renown. The conqueror of Rocroi was one of the most ardent of his admirers. D'Ormesson the Administrator, D'Herbelot the Orientalist, Pellisson the Dramatist, La Bruyère, Boileau himself, Racine, Santeuil, Fleury, Leduc, Bourdaloue, Massillon, were his chosen companions. He was cheerful and easy in conversation, but he avoided jests, and raillery, and laughter. He was accessible and courteous to all. His nature, however, was reserved, proud, and ambitious, and dogmatism was the stain of his private life.

He died 1704, worn out with a lingering disease, leaving no equals to succeed him, and a fame which has not been dimmed by time. France lost in him one of the most enlightened of her patriots, and the church one of the brightest of her ornaments — a man of genius — a man faithful to his trust — a man of unblemished virtue — a man who fought a fight, and believed in God.

But his greatness is seen in himself rather than in his works — one of the highest prerogatives of those who are immortal, illustrated by Michael Angelo, Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Walpole, Mackintosh, Dr. Dwight, Henry Clay, — in the force of character and marked individuality, rather than in original genius or majestic labors. His memory is august. He is identified with the glory of France, and the splendid reign of Louis XIV. It was his own nature that survives his writings. These are not much prized except as bursts of magnificent words — high-sounding witnesses of the insignificance of those who were only great in their generation. But his name, and example, and influence still live. Nor will either his country or his Church ever suffer him to be forgotten, since he reflected immeasurable glory on both.

ARTICLE IV.

COMMUNING WITH SPIRITS.

ONE of the popular opinions of the day is that all systems of Idolatry are only so many different modes of worshipping the true God ; that though the forms of Idolatry differ from those of Christianity, yet one and the same God is worshipped through them all ; and to this it is added, that the peculiarities of each form of worship are those best adapted for the people that use them.

We do not propose to examine all that has been advanced in favor of this opinion, for that were an endless task, and would lead us very far away from that infallible guide which is the only arbiter in such a debate ; but our purpose is to consider the subject briefly in the light of the written word.

This testifies that all outside of Christ is under the control of Satan. For the divine commission of Paul appointed him "to turn men from darkness unto light, and from the *power of Satan* unto God." (Acts xxvi. 18.) And he testifies to the Ephesians, that previous to conversion they "walked according to the course of this world," and that was according to "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." (Eph. ii. 2.) Satan is elsewhere called the Prince of this world, the God of this world, and is represented as "blinding the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 4.) These Scriptures would lead us to infer that we must either serve God or Satan ; and that all refusal to worship God, in his appointed way, is so much service rendered to Satan, and places us entirely at his mercy ; or, to use the expressive words of Scripture, makes us to be led captive by him at his will.

It may be objected to this, that there is nothing in the "course of this world," as it now appears, to justify such awful statements. That this may be so, to the superficial observer, we do not deny ; but the danger does not lie in the *apparent* charac-

ter of any act whereby we conform to this world or serve its Prince; no, nor in the real nature of such an act viewed in itself alone. But the danger lies in this, that it is something whereby the Adversary is working out our eternal ruin. The act itself may seem like that tree in Eden, good and pleasant, and to be desired; but it brings death to every one who yields to the temptation. The bait may be something wholesome in itself, but it conceals the fatal hook, and the enemy of God and man holds the other end of the line. Little do the simple ones, who play round the tempting bait, think of the Satanic eyes that watch their every motion. They may reason, "all natural instincts must be innocent; God would not create in me a taste for any gratification which I may not indulge;" but they forget that such reasoning would fill the earth with transgressions of the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, indeed of all the commandments.

These general views would lead us to expect some special connection of Satan with Idolatry; if, indeed, the extensive prevalence of Idol worship did not of itself lead us to suspect some powerful secret influence coöperating with apparent causes that are themselves insufficient to explain the phenomenon.

But we are not left to deductions from general statements. The Bible explicitly affirms the connection of Satan with Idolatry. There is one passage especially that does this so plainly, we wonder it has not received more notice from students of the Bible. The apostle expressly declares, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, that "the things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils and not to God." (1 Cor. x. 20.) This declaration is so much to the point as to claim particular attention in this connection, for if it means just what it says, it settles the question once for all.

The notion that heathens worship the true God only after a different manner from Christians, and the truth that whatever they sacrifice they sacrifice to devils and not to God, are totally irreconcilable. Either the modern notion is false, or the apostle affirms what is not true. The latter alternative we cannot think of for a moment. "Holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," (2 Pet. i. 21,) are infallible in all their teachings. How can they be other-

wise, when their word is to be received "not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God." (1 Thess. ii. 13.)

Then let us see whether the apostle's words are accurately rendered. The only word that is not translated literally is that rendered "devils." In the original it is *δαμόνιοις* — demons. As the meaning of the passage hinges on this word, let us examine it carefully. The word "*Διάβολος*" — Devil in Scripture — is never used in the plural except when applied to men, in the sense of an accuser or slanderer, as in that Scripture, teach "the aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not false accusers," *Διάβολοι* — devils, (Tit. ii. 3,) whenever applied to a fallen spirit. The word is always used in the singular, and denotes that old serpent who is the Devil and Satan.

His angels, on the other hand, are never called *Διάβολοι*, but always *Δαμόνια* — demons. Now what is the precise meaning of this last term? In classic Greek it had several meanings, as "a God," or "Goddess," "Fate or Destiny," "deified heroes or guardian spirits." In this last sense Socrates averred that a demon was always with him, and instructed him in wisdom. But all these meanings are confined to heathen writings, and are unknown to the New Testament except in one passage, when heathen are speaking, and their words are recorded in their own sense. The Athenians said of Paul: "He seemeth to be a setter forth of" *ξενων δαμόνιον*, literally "foreign demons," rightly rendered in our version "strange gods" — (Acts xvii. 18.) In every other place in the New Testament, where the word occurs, it has the meaning of fallen angels, or as they are often called "wicked or unclean spirits." The heathen meaning of "God" is inapplicable to the case before us, for then it would read "they sacrifice to *gods* and not to God." Whereas Demetrius, the silversmith, complains that Paul persuaded and turned away many people saying, that they be *no gods* who are made with hands. (Acts xix. 26.) And the apostle tells the Galatians, that when they knew not God they did service unto them who by nature are *no gods*. (Gal. iv. 8.) We are shut up then to the well-known Scripture meaning, which will be sufficiently clear from the following passages:

Peter tells Cornelius that Christ went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the *Devil*; (Acts x. 38;) but everywhere the Gospels represent our Saviour as healing those that were oppressed with *demons*. Satan and demon, then, are interchangeable terms, just as we say either that Cornwallis or the British surrendered at Yorktown, meaning in both cases, the British army which he commanded and controlled. Christ teaches the same thing when he asks, "If Satan cast out Satan how then shall his kingdom stand?" (Matt. xii. 26.) *i. e.* If the leader fight with his subordinates, how can he prosper? Indeed, the charge to which this was a reply, shows how the matter stood in the Jewish mind, for that affirmed that he cast out demons by the prince of the demons. The Devil and his demons, then, are equivalent to that other expression, the Devil and his angels. So that though our translators rendered *Δαμόνια* by the term "devils," they were right in spirit and in fact, though not in the letter. Paul then affirms that the things which the heathen sacrifice they sacrifice to the subordinates of Satan, and of course through them to Satan himself.

But do the heathen do this knowingly and of set purpose? The answer is,—men often do what they never intended to do. The pilgrims did not intend to trespass on the domain of giant Despair when they preferred that soft velvet turf to the rough highway. The question is not, what does a man intend, but, what is the inevitable consequence of his conduct? Adam did not intend to "bring death into the world and all our woe," when he eat of that forbidden fruit; but no power could force the two things apart.

Nor does the statement of the apostle imply that the same demon always stood behind the same idol, or that Jupiter was the name of one fallen angel, Pluto of another, and Neptune of a third. Indeed, in this same epistle he tells us that no reality corresponded to the idolater's idea of his idol, for he says,—

"We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many,) but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."

That is, the whole heathen mythology, *as they understand it*, is a fable. There are no such gods in existence, though there are demons of various ranks and powers that are called gods, and take advantage of this apostasy of man from God to do him mischief. Because the man to whom I intrust my vessel for a voyage to China has not the qualifications that I supposed he had, it does not follow that he is nobody and will do no injury to the ship. So though the demon behind the idol is not the god idolators suppose him to be, (yea, as a god, is nothing,) yet he is a real existence, and as mischievous as real.

Demons are not omnipotent, yet can show such superhuman power as to make men think they are so. They are not benevolent, yet can put on such a show of good feeling as to secure their fiendish ends more surely, for Satan is a liar and the father of it. (John viii. 44.) It is no marvel that idolatry deludes its votaries, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. (2 Cor. xi. 14.)

But can evil spirits be allowed so to deceive men under the government of a holy God? We might reply by asking, can wicked men be allowed to injure others under the government of the same God? But there is a stronger answer than even that. See the prince of these demons in Eden, and the ruin he was allowed to work there, and then say if, after that, fallen angels may do no harm under the government of God? If they cannot, then the inspired record of the fall is false.

Indeed, that statement of the apostle is not half so hard to believe as is the idea that the greater part of our race have worshipped mere images, without any thought of something back of the visible form, or that the outward symbol really represented a higher power without some such evidence as fallen angels were capable of producing. Idolaters were not always the ignorant degraded beings that they are to-day. There is, doubtless, a marked difference between Christian and heathen nations in the present age. But is not that the result of the influence of true and false religion exerted for ages? Christianity would lose one of its divine evidences if it were not so. But remember that the time has been when this difference was not so great as at present, for the true religion and false systems have now had time to mature their fruits; men notice the nature of

that fruit, and the result is that Idolatry is in its dotage. But it was not so formerly. Time was when it flourished with a vigorous and wide-spreading growth. And what were the sources of that growth? I know no better answer than that suggested by the apostle. Fallen spirits took advantage of idolatry to work evil to man, and expended their superhuman skill in the support and perpetuation of that system through which they could work so well. The men were not weaklings who erected that famous temple in Ephesus, that was two hundred and twenty years in building, and as many feet in breadth; while the roof, four hundred and twenty-five feet long, rested on one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns, each sixty feet high and each the contribution of a king, containing an altar wrought by Praxiteles, and pictures painted by Apelles; while its treasures of silver and gold and costly offerings exceeded computation. That temple burned down the same night that Alexander the Great was born, was rebuilt during the golden age of Greek learning with even greater magnificence. And was such an edifice constructed, while Plato taught in the academy and Aristotle wrote his enduring works, erected for a mere image? Or could such an age have admitted a connection between the image and some higher power without at least plausible evidence of such connection? Then comes the question, how could such evidence have been forthcoming only through the agency of demons? It will not do to say that we have no existing instance of such evidence, for when our Saviour sent forth his seventy disciples, as he looked out on the results of their mission he said, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven;" the effect of the dissemination of his gospel being to cast down Satan from the high position he had maintained up to that moment through the prevalence of idolatry. At that time his kingdom received its death-blow. The stroke was felt not only in the erection of the church out of what had constituted a part of his kingdom, but even in the portion that still remained idolatrous. Two augurs, dressed in the robes of their order, could not meet in the streets of Rome without a smile; and though the temples were more splendid and the ceremonies more imposing, — though art lent a splendor that shamed the rudeness of preceding ages, — nothing could restore

the implicit faith of those ages, for the satanic power that had created and maintained it, fell before the greater power of the Gospel. A mightier than the strong man armed had entered in and bound him, and commenced the spoliation of his goods.

But the question arises — How did Satan secure so great power through idolatry, and at the same time employ it for the maintenance of that system through which he secured it? The answer to this opens up a wide field of thought. The apostle teaches that there is a peculiar fellowship between the worshipper and the Being whom he worships; that just as the Christian has fellowship with Christ in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, so he who sacrifices at a heathen altar has not fellowship with a God, as he supposes, for there is no reality corresponding to his idea of a God. But he enters into fellowship with the demons who personate the idols whom he serves, and in a special sense comes under their dominion and lies at their mercy.

And if the question is as to the specific mode or modes in which the demons secure the control of their worshippers, various answers might be given. We might allude to the skilful adaptation of idolatry to the depraved passions of men; first degrading them into a base subjection to their lower appetites, and then pandering to those appetites in their very forms of worship. Allusion might be made to other modes. But the most effectual of all is yet to be mentioned. Does not that eight thousand five hundred dollars' worth of books of curious arts burned by the converts in sight of that same temple of Ephesus explain the mystery?

We cannot now trace out its manifold forms, developments most cunningly adapted to the circumstances of the age and the place where they occurred, but everywhere, in the most polished cities and among the rudest tribes, *magic* was the mysterious life-blood of heathenism.* And while modern scepticism would have us look on it as a system of jugglery, on the one hand, and credulity on the other, the Bible teaches us to think carefully before assenting to a view so superficial.

When God brought Israel into the promised land, it was with the solemn charge, —

* See Kurtz's History of the Old Covenant, Vol. II. pp. 245 *et seq.*

"Thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord, and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." (Deut. xviii. 10-12.)

Then, magic constituted the special abomination of the Canaanites, and was the great crime which, in the mind of God, justified their extermination. One cannot help asking — Would the Most High have been so moved by tricks and sleight of hand if there had been nothing more? Would he for such a cause consign whole nations to the sword? Reason teaches that there must have been something more to justify such language; and if idolatry was the worship of spiritual beings at war with God, and magic the means by which those wicked spirits secured and maintained their power, is not this a satisfactory explanation of such legislation; and is there any other?

Here again bear in mind that the bastard imitations of such things to-day, are no measure of what they were in lands "where Satan's seat was," and in ages before he was cast down from his pre-messianic pinnacle of power.

It may throw some light on the special heinousness of this sin in the sight of God, if we look at the source of the power of magic over the human mind,—and no one can deny to it a very great and wonderful power. No doubt it has its foundation partly in that restless curiosity that ever seeks to pry into things unseen, the desire to know ever more keen as the knowledge is forbidden. But is its power not derived mainly from laying hold of those capacities and susceptibilities which God created in us on purpose to draw us to himself, and perverting, yea, prostituting them to the service of fallen spirits: taking the avenues God had opened for communion with himself, and making them the avenues for communion with his implacable and eternal foes — beings invisible and possessed of superhuman power and knowledge, and so fitted to awaken in us some of those feelings which are due to God, yet fixing them on his most unholy and malignant adversaries.

Again, when God says to Moses, "Against all *the gods* of Egypt will I execute judgment; I am Jehovah;" and then, not with confused noise of the warrior and garments rolled in blood, but in a contest on their own boasted vantage-ground, conquers *the magicians* of Egypt; does this teach nothing of the true connection between magic and idolatry on the one hand, and both of these with demons on the other?

Or when Moses at the Red Sea sings, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods," or in Sinai exhorts Israel to be no more stiff-necked, "for the Lord their God is God of gods and Lord of lords;" when David chants "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods; he is to be feared above all gods;" "Thou, Lord, art exalted far above all gods;" "Among the gods there are none like unto thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like unto thy works;" are we to understand, by all this, merely that God is exalted above pieces of carved wood and melted brass, or above the fancies of the human brain, for an idol, as idolaters understand it, has no real existence? Is it not rather a showing forth of his greatness above those principalities and powers, that, overcome on the scene of their original rebellion, yet dare in our world to lengthen out a war of malignity against the Lord? Thus explained, these praises are every way worthy of the Most High; and shall we put a meaning on them that insults his majesty?

And here let us ask what motive could have induced those priests of Baal, on Mount Carmel, to gash their flesh with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them, (1 Kings xviii. 28,) had not previous experience led them to expect the intervention of spiritual beings in that way? It is written, that this was done "*after their manner*," and what beings could have taught their votaries to serve them by such methods but demons? Truly they who procured themselves to be invoked in this way, and worshipped by living children being made to pass through the fire, could not have been very different from the demons who tormented men in the days of our Redeemer.

If any object that the statement of the apostle stands alone in Scripture, and we must not hang too much on a single pas-

sage that may be misunderstood, then read the inspired description of the sin of Israel, "He forsook God who made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. They provoked him to jealousy with strange gods, with abominations provoked they him to anger. They sacrificed unto devils," (Septuagint *Δαιμόνιοις*), "not to God," (Deut. xxxii. 15-17.) This is near the beginning of the Old Testament; and in the last book of the New it is written, that "the rest of the men who were not killed by these plagues, still repented not, that they should not worship *demons and idols* of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: . . . neither repented they of their murders, nor of their *sorceries*." (Rev. ix. 20-21.) Why are demons, idols, and sorceries mentioned together if they have no connection?

It is written, moreover, in the Old Testament, that when Moses and Aaron wrought miracles, the magicians did likewise with their enchantments, not *seemed to do* likewise, as modern scepticism would read, but *did* likewise. (Exod. vii. 11-22, and viii. 7.) Men stumble at this as though it lifted up Satan to a level with God; but so far from that, it only is letting him do his worst to show how infinitely higher and mightier God is than he. The Most High begins down on a level where Satan can oppose him, to show all men with what ease he can rise above and overwhelm him. We do not mean to affirm that the magicians in Egypt never resorted to any tricks, or that they had no knowledge of what is sometimes called natural magic, imposing on the masses through their superior knowledge of natural laws, but only that along with these other things, this coöperation of demons is not to be excluded, or the Scripture wrested from its obvious meaning on purpose to exclude it. As for difficulty in this taking of the record just as it reads, when we see Satan in Eden transform himself into a serpent, we see no difficulty in his transforming the rods of the magicians into the same form. When we see him drive a large herd of swine down a steep cliff into the sea, we see no difficulty in his making frogs to cover the land of Egypt.

If demons have had power over man to cause disease, to deprive of speech, to afflict with madness, we see nothing strange in their having power over inferior animals and the

inanimate creation ; but we do see something out of character in professed followers of Christ having anything to do to-day with physicians who depend for success, not on the efficacy of known remedies, but on some mysterious magical virtue of their own.

Man, with all the boasted skill of this nineteenth century, cannot produce particular diseases at will ; but if demons have been able to do this as long ago as when Christ was on earth, we see nothing to hinder their working such wonders now or hereafter as shall if possible deceive the very elect. Do we not read of the spirits of demons working miracles who go forth unto the kings of the earth to gather them unto the battle of the great day ? (Rev. xvi. 14.) Does not the Spirit speak expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils ? (1 Tim. iv. 1.) And is it not written, " then shall that wicked be revealed, . . . whose coming is after the *working of Satan* with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved ? " (2 Thess. ii. 9-10.)

Is it a mark of folly, then, if we stand aloof from all ensnaring marvels at the present day ; remembering that Satan is still the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience ? Is it unwise, especially, to beware of all attempts to pass beyond the limits God has assigned to our knowledge of another world ? His Word tells us all that he intends we should know at present of that future state, and the effort to go beyond is rebellion against God. It is a crime against his wisdom, in that it is not satisfied with what He deems sufficient. It is a crime against his power, in that it defies Him to hide that which we are determined to know ; and it is a crime against his love, in that it questions the benevolence of his so limiting our knowledge.

When God created man upright, he may have created him with certain latent powers that obedience would have developed in a manner now unknown. But if there were any such, the fall nipped them in the bud, and if disordered nerves or approaching death sometimes reveals a glimpse of the possibility

of what might have been, the fact that only unnatural states of the body do this, is a sufficient indication of the will of God. The builder of the house may, for the present, defer carrying out his original plan; but if that which is built is finished so completely that only a violent dislocation reveals any trace of the original idea, we know it is his will that it should not be completed now. The rebel should not snatch at anything his sin has forfeited. Faith waits submissively for the development of spiritual powers in that world of holiness where they belong.

As to discoveries made to man by beings not now on the earth, we may rest assured that there is not an angel before the throne, or the spirit of a just man made perfect, that would even think of revealing the secret things that belong to God. If any pretend to open a door that God has shut, be sure it is one of those fallen spirits that once organized and maintained the system of idolatry, that by means of it they might most thoroughly debase and imbrute our race. Shall we put ourselves again in their power? If we do, we do so at our peril; for God forbids, most explicitly, all resort to such lying vanities.

ARTICLE V.

ESCAPING OBLIVION.

GRAVESTONES will not insure this. The ancient Carian king who gave his name to the ambitious *mausoleum* has not even kept nine tenths of mankind aware of the paternity of this word; and the other tenth cares nothing for his personal record. Pyramid-builders and the patrons of sepulchral marble discover more ambition than foresight, so far as their own individual commemoration is concerned. Nobody can tell whose dust slept in those sumptuous sarcophagi of porphyry, and basalt, and red granite, and jasper, and alabaster, which glitter in perpetual polish through the galleries of Roman and Florentine palaces.

"The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his quaintly rich "Urn Burial," works out this affluent theme in an elaborate mosaic of pathos and humor:—

"Circles and right-lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporarily considereth all things; our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years; generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages."

The traveller from the south across the Campagna into the Eternal City sees, near the Appian Way, a huge tower or fortress —

"Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown.
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown."

He turns to his "Murray" to know what so unique an antique may be, and it answers — "The tomb of Cæcilia Metella." And who was she; and why entitled to so grand a memorial? "The wife of Crassus," replies the red-covered oracle; and that is the end of the story. How much more does our tourist know than before he put his very natural inquiry? How much he would like to have known, and with how much of possible history a fervid imagination may invest a hoary old ruin thus imposing and inspiring, the reader may readily find by turning to a half dozen of the best stanzas in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." *What might not have been where nothing is told?*

"—— But whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know — Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride."

His *pride*, of course, insists the cynic. Yet, possibly, his *love*. But no competent arbiter may determine —

“For,” continues Sir Thomas, “the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction of perpetuity. Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian’s horse, confounded that of himself; — and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register.”

Is all this hap-hazard, which it sometimes so nearly resembles?

Some people’s oddities act like *burrs* in sticking their names and doings on to the flowing skirts of history. Where these are genuine, the hold which they take of memory and tradition is often quite tenacious. Where they seem cultivated for a purpose, they generally go the way of all shams in a tolerably brief period. It would indeed be a blessing to not a few mortals, could they be known, for the few centuries during which their titles will maintain a waning perpetuation, only by the eccentric and absurd peculiarities of their characters. For instance, the Terrorists of the Paris of 1792–5, might be glad to exchange their memorials of blood-stained atheism for such trivialities as the memoirs of the times still relate concerning their individual habits: — as, that Conthon carried even into the Convention a little spaniel, which he was constantly fondling in the most caressing, flute-like voice, and with a smile so sweet that “figure d’ange” was this villain’s familiar appellation; — and Chaumette had an aviary for a pet-pleasure; — and Fournier carried on his shoulder a squirrel held by a silver chain; — and Marat, who could not forego one of the three hundred thousand heads which he demanded, reared doves; — and another of these monsters doated on a pair of golden pheasants; — and another would not listen to a lady’s prayer for a suspected friend; yet as she, going from his presence in tears, by accident trod on the foot of his poodle-dog, the man exclaimed, in an outburst of rage — “Madam, have you no humanity?” But things, however ill-assorted, which grow together must go together. And it is a curious fact in history, that very great wickedness almost always makes itself contemptible by some weakness or silliness which it affects or inherits. The tragic

devil must now and then try the comic, the burlesque, the sentimental; else there might possibly be such a thing as a consistent dignity of guilt, which would be a very dangerous influence for the historic pen to send down to the future. Milton's picture of Satan shows what fascination for evil might lurk in that idea. Milton came near enough to committing that mistake, even for the admitted license of poetry. Sober reality will always put enough of meanness and absurdity into crime to make "the memory of the wicked rot." No monuments, on which an immortal spirit should wish to have its earthly date engraven, can be reared out of such miserable disintegration.

With the records of some sixty centuries of human progress behind us, it is an interesting and not wholly impracticable question — what things are likely to escape that vortex of oblivion which swallows so much that is done under the sun? A vast amount of history has been acted; not a small part of this has been written in one way or another. By far the larger half of this has fallen out from the knowledge of mankind by an inexorable law of gravitation; or more correctly perhaps, has never entered that knowledge at all. For what is learned only by the few "Dryasdusts," and encyclopædical scholars of successive ages, is not to be reckoned in the common stock of the world's information; it is not a power among men to guide their advance into a broader intellectual life. But even the most studious of curious lore, delvers in moth-eaten libraries, can make out little more than the tables of contents of these old chapters of the by-gone, and not all of these even. The remembered are to the forgotten as the island-peaks of a submerged continent to the wide plains and deep valleys which lie beyond the sounding lead of the navigator. John Foster adds, "We can just descry, by the dying glimmer of ancient history, that that ocean is of *blood!*" Time has not only carried the scythe of the slayer, but the spade of the grave-digger, covering his victims in unknown pits of silence, when they fancied themselves sure of an earthly, if not a heavenly, immortality. A moment ago the query was flashing on us — what of the accepted narrative of the earlier past is possibly the mere creation of the poetic and romantic dreamers of the dim ages behind us? But some things have eluded entombment; have come down the

centuries, not as "fictions founded on fact," not as dry abstractions, or sounds without significance conveying no impulse to our hearts ; some names and deeds, some personal inspirations from the remotest and obscurest periods are with us to-day, not as the fleshless skeletons of what once was a force making only a hollow rattling noise in our ears, but are here as the living ministers of most benignant gifts, the active helpers of our highest social and spiritual nurture. What is the discriminating principle thus at work continually ? What, that thus saves from and consigns to forgetfulness ?

We may not respond to such a question hastily or sweepingly. Historic problems are complicated with many considerations often not easy of evolution. But leading facts and laws of the world's progress offer us safe guidance along this path. We are not called upon to speculate, but to observe. One of the most suggestive of modern authors, — Charles Julius Hare, — in "*Guesses at Truth*," has some thoughts on this precise topic, which slightly condensed, we make no apology for impressing into our service :

Of all the works of all the men who were living eighteen hundred years ago, what is remaining now ? One man was then lord of half the known earth. In power none could vie with him, in the wisdom of this world few. He had sagacious ministers and able generals. Of all his works, of all theirs, of all the works of the other princes and rulers in those ages, what is left now ? Here and there a name, and here and there a ruin. So of those whose weapons were mightier than the sword — drawn from the armory of thought — some live and act, and are cherished and revered by the learned ; but on a narrower range of influence, confined to a few of the meditative, not the active hours, of the few. But at the same time there issued from a nation among the most despised of the earth, twelve poor men, with no sword in their hands, scantily supplied with the stores of human learning. They went forth into all quarters of the world. They were reviled ; trampled under foot ; every engine of torture, every mode of death was employed to crush them. And where is their work now ? It is set as a diadem on the brows of nations. Their voice sounds at this day in all parts of the earth. High and low hear it ; kings on their thrones bow to it ; senates acknowledge it as their law ; the poor and afflicted rejoice in it ; and as it has triumphed over all the powers that destroy the works of man — as instead of falling before them, it has

gone on increasing, age after age, in power and in glory — so it is the only voice which can triumph over Death and turn the king of terrors into an angel of light. . . . Thus, too, will it be eighteen hundred years hence, if the world lasts so long. Of the works of our generals and statesmen, eminent as they have been, all traces will have vanished. For they who deal in death are mostly given up soon to death. Of our poets and philosophers some may survive; and many a thoughtful youth in distant regions may repair for wisdom to the fountains of Burke and Wordsworth. But the works which will assuredly live and be great and glorious are the works of those poor, unregarded men, who have gone forth in the spirit of the twelve from Judea, whether to India, to Africa, to Greenland, or to the isles of the Pacific. . . . So inherent is permanence in religion, so akin is it to eternity, that the monuments even of a false and corrupt religion will outlast every other memorial of its age and people. With what power does this thought come upon us when standing amidst the temples of antiquity. . . . The country about, a wide waste; the earth barren with age; Nature herself grown old and dead — yet the mighty columns lift up their heads toward heaven . . . a lesson how the glory of all man's works passes away, and nothing of them abides save that which he gives to God. When Mary anointed our Lord's feet, the act was a transient one; it was done for his burial: the holy feet which she anointed ceased soon to walk on earth. Yet he declared that wheresoever his gospel was preached in the whole world that act should also be told as a memorial of her. So has it ever been with what has been given to God, albeit blindly and erringly. While other things have perished, this has endured.

A distinguished scholar, Von Müller, — “the German Tacitus,” — tells us as the result of his researches, that “Jesus Christ is the centre of the history of the world, and the only key to the solution of its mysteries.” Paul told the Colossians the same thing, with perhaps a much profounder conception of the truth, when he wrote them that “in Christ all things were created,” — his existence being the condition of all creation; and that “in him all things subsist,” — the life of the universe being conditioned by his life; “that in all things his place might be first.”* If the person and kingdom of Christ be thus the key and the keystone, the unifying fact, of the entire finite system, we can see the connection of an act of love to him, be it noth-

* Cf. Coneybeare's and Howson's Translation and Notes.

ing more than the gift of Mary, with a deathless remembrance and an everlasting praise. It was laid on the right altar. That deed went up among the constellations to shine down on our pathway as constantly as Arcturus or the Pleiades. So the widow's two mites, and the cup of cold water, and the Good Samaritan's oil and wine. The epitaph which, cut in marble or not, never fades out, is this — "And for my name's sake hast labored, and hast not fainted." Who said this to the Ephesian disciples need not here be recorded.

We have wished, in a few pages, rather to point to a track of remunerative thought than to pursue the road very far ourselves in this paper. We think we have come upon the true direction of the religious spirit; consequently, upon the true line of individual life and ambition; that just here lies the law of the permanent and of the perishable, alike for nations and for individuals. Little as it now may look like it, a time may arrive when "the noblest memorial of England (we quote again from Archdeacon Hare) will be the Christian empire of New Zealand." The future will test the prophecy. Meanwhile, we fall back upon the less public walks of men, and are quite sure of carrying the reader to the side of our pleasant friend of the "Urn-burial," in another of his apt allusions: "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?" So Wordsworth sings the satisfying consciousness and lasting remembrance of —

"That best portion of a good man's life; —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

Interpreted under the rule of a genuine consecration to Christ, this is the really imperishable memorial whether of few or many years. Tennyson might have written his charming stanza "after reading a life and letters," of thousands of Christian workers in lowly places, as well as of a single one: —

"But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends;
A deedful life, a silent voice;" —

which is only braiding into four lines a bit of gold that the great dramatist has run into a single verse of his own matchless finishing, —

“So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

ARTICLE VI.

AN EXEGESIS ON EPHESIANS I.: 3-6.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; (4.) According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; (5.) Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, (6.) To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.”

The persons addressed in this passage are Christians. For they are “blessed with all spiritual blessings,” and have “the adoption of children.” In the context they are called “saints,” and “the faithful,” and those who have “trusted in Christ.” They have “believed” in him, and are “sealed with the Holy Spirit.” So they have “the forgiveness of sins,” and in prospect “redemption” and “an inheritance” through Christ.

Such persons are Christians. They are not Jews, as such, nor yet Gentiles, in distinction from Jews. They are rather the body of believers embraced in the church at Ephesus, in which Jews and Gentiles were mingled. This body, referred to in the text and context, has not the characteristics of a national, but of a spiritual body. So their blessings, for which Paul is so grateful, are spiritual, and come on them as individuals.

These persons were made Christians in accordance with a previous purpose and plan. This is the import of the connective clause that introduces the fourth verse, “*According as.*” That is, in a compliance with, and in the carrying out of, a previous arrangement.

So we find the same Greek word, καθώς, used elsewhere in the New Testament. "The disciples went and did as [καθώς] Jesus commanded them." Matt. xxi. 6. "One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray as [καθώς] John also taught his disciples." Luke xi. 1. These blessings enjoyed so richly by those individuals at Ephesus — this great and so manifest fact that they were Christians, — came not at haphazard, or incidentally. Such result came from the intention, arrangement, and working cause of God.

The plan indicated by the words "according as," is set forth specifically in the phrase following: "According as *he hath chosen us*." In that word "chosen," there is wrapped up a purpose and plan, in the execution of which there is discrimination and separation, as a taking and a leaving, a giving and a withholding. A few examples of its use in the New Testament will make this evident.

"He put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when he marked how they *chose out* [ἐξελέγοντο] the chief rooms." Luke xiv. 7. Here is seen the radical idea of the word. There is an intentional occupation of "the chief rooms," and as intentional a neglect of the others. "God hath *chosen* the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." 1 Cor. i. 27. Of all the things offered, he takes these by preference. "When it was day he called unto him his disciples; and of them he *chose* twelve." Luke vi. 13. "I speak not of you all; I know whom I have *chosen*." John xiii. 18. "Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you." John xv. 16. In these three passages the Saviour refers to that discriminating, separating love, by which he fixed on and drew unto himself the twelve. It was not a call for twelve volunteers, nor yet the acceptance only of twelve uncalled and offered. It was a specific and efficient selecting of twelve certain ones out of a multitude. In the case of filling the apostolate vacated by Judas, the exactness of the idea in the word "chosen," as an act of thoughtful and matured preference, is very sharply set forth. "They prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast *chosen*." Acts i. 24. No less plain is the case of the choice of the seven deacons. The twelve would be relieved of secular cares, and so

they call on "the multitude of the disciples" to appoint men for this purpose. The multitude consider the work to be done, and then canvass their number for the proper men. Then "they chose Stephen," etc., seven in all. Acts vi. 1-5. Here is a thoughtful, judicious proceeding, consummated in that act of choosing the seven. The same considerate and discriminating policy was adopted by "the apostles and elders, with the whole church," at Jerusalem, when it pleased them "to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch, with Paul and Barnabas; namely, Judas, surnamed Barsabas, and Silas, chief men among the brethren," on the question of circumcision. Acts xv. Here for a specific purpose a definite and select appointment of men was made.

In all these uses of the word "to choose," and in the New Testament use of the word generally, this idea is the central and essential element in its meaning — to select certain persons or things through love and favor, and to the neglect of others.

Thus did God choose those individuals at Ephesus, on whom he afterward bestowed such spiritual blessings. In his act there was a selection and an omission, the same as where the guests chose "the chief rooms," and the Saviour "the twelve" and the disciples Matthias to the vacant apostleship, and the pentecostal brethren the seven deacons, and the church at Jerusalem the delegation to Antioch.

This purpose and plan of God, according to which he chose these individuals to such blessedness, had an inevitable fixedness and certainty of result. For so we are to understand the phrase — "having predestinated us unto the adoption of children." This means evidently more than a willingness on the part of God that they should be children of grace, — more than an earnest desire for it. It means more than nominating them to such a promotion, leaving their attainment of it doubtful. The significant word here is "predestinated." Προορίζω means to bound or set limits to a thing beforehand, and when an event is spoken of as predestinated, the essential and substantial part of the meaning is, that that event had an antecedent, a forerunning fixedness or certainty that it was to be. In strictness of meaning it declares the setting of metes and bounds in advance to the work or result that it contemplates. It is the proper Greek

word to designate the act of a commissioner when he lays out a highway, or of a civil engineer when he determines and marks off the route of a future railroad.

In classical Greek its root, *ōpos*, is the name for a goal, pillar, or boundary-stone. It also means a mark, with writing attached, affixed to property, to show that it has been previously mortgaged. So the verb *προορίζομαι* is used to declare that certain property had received the mark of mortgage.

A few examples will show in what sense the writers of the New Testament used the word.

God "hath made of one blood all nations, . . . and *hath determined* the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." Acts xvii. 26. As in a gift of real estate to several persons a man marks off and designates by lines and metes the farm or house-lot for each fortunate receiver. "Truly the Son of man goeth as it was *determined*." "Him being delivered by the *determinate* counsel and foreknowledge of God." Luke xxii. 22; Acts ii. 23. Here it is declared that the betrayal and crucifixion of our Lord had a fixedness and a certainty of result, absolute and inevitable, by the appointment of God. "And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he [Christ] which was *ordained* of God to be the Judge of quick and dead." Acts x. 42. Thus we see that the appointment of the Lord Jesus as final Judge, and the appointment of those Ephesian Christians to the adoption of children, are events equally fixed and certain, since the same agent, God, acts in both cases, and the same word is used to express his act.

It is true, in each of the passages now cited, illustrative of God's predestinating those Ephesians, the preposition *πρό*, before, is wanting in the verb. But this is no variation from the word in the passage we are examining that qualifies the great fact that God made the event in question absolutely certain. That preposition is one of time, and merely marks the priority of the determining to the executing of the act. The time when God predestinated those heathen at Ephesus to become Christians, another part of this passage will show us beyond any questioning.

We give but one more parallel passage to illustrate the point now in hand. "Of a truth against thy holy child, Jesus, whom

thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand, and thy counsel *determined before* [πρόωρισε] to be done." Acts iv. 27, 28. In all which solemn scene and awful transactions of the crucifixion that mixed multitude accomplished only what had been purposed and planned and made certain of God.

Here the word is identical with the one in the text under examination. So by the same word and with the same certainty with which God is said to have predetermined the crucifixion he called out and bounded off from the rest that Ephesian company that was "blessed with all spiritual blessings." As property, previously mortgaged and marked for the benefit of some one, was said to be "predestinated," so bringing the word, and perhaps idea, over from classic to evangelical Greek, those privately marked of God and secured to his Son as a part of his inheritance, were said to be "predestinated" to that end. So do we find from the New Testament use of this word that it is employed to express a purpose or plan that has a fixedness and certainty of result.

The purpose of God, in the execution of which those persons were made Christians, was eternal. For they were chosen in Christ "before the foundation of the world." This was a common expression for those days, meaning before the foundation of the world was laid, or before the world began. It is one of the simplest terms they had to express eternity. It refers to a time anterior to which we can fix no date. Back of and beyond that head-land is illimitable ocean. So the Psalmist, when wishing to ascribe eternity to God, says, "Before the mountains were brought forth," etc. Psalms xc. 2.

In that dim, unknown past, therefore, unmarked by eras or epochs in the cycles of time, God chose those Ephesians for adoption through Christ into his family. It was no afterthought with him when he saw what the apostle was doing in that heathen city. It was no second thought with him to choose some of them to be Christians after he saw that they had chosen Christ. It was no carrying out of some previous indefinite and general purpose to save somebody at the city of the great Diana if some apostle should happen to preach

Christ there, and some of the people should happen to believe in him. "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world." So then — before Paul preached at Ephesus; before the coming of Christ; before a Saviour was promised to Adam; before the dust of which Adam was formed was created; "before the foundation of the world;" far back in that unmeasured, undefinable eternity, occupied as yet only by God and his waiting purposes, — then he chose certain of those worshippers of Diana to become members of Christ's church, "holy and without blame before him."

This choosing and predestinating of certain men was unto holiness. They were to be "holy and without blame before him in love." Heaven and eternal life were doubtless ultimate aims with God, yet the direct object had in view was their holiness. The object was not that they might live in sin, and dying enter into glory. Such act of God as is shown in predestinating and choosing does in no way encourage sin, for it is a divine act put forth specifically to secure holiness.

So no one may comfort himself under this predestinating doctrine except as he is holy. Holiness is the only proof that one is chosen of God. If one has no holiness he may so far infer that he is passed by. If one would make his calling and election sure, he must strive for it by striving for personal holiness. It is both untrue and sinful for one to say that if he is chosen of God to eternal life he will be saved, do what he may. For God chooses a man that he may become "holy and without blame," and that he become such, the man himself must look to it.

God chose and predestinated those individuals unto such holiness and privilege because it pleased him so to do. It was done "according to the good pleasure of his will." That he chose some and omitted others is evident, both from the language and from the fact. Why he chose one rather than another is unexplained, except by the statement, "according to the good pleasure of his will." It was not that he foresaw that they would be Christians. This would be contrary to the reason here given, while it would be but allowing God to endorse a conclusion to which they had of themselves come. Foreseen good works were not the cause or ground of their being chosen.

For Paul says they were chosen that they "should be holy," not because they were, or because it was foreseen that they would be. Their holiness and unblamableness were that whereunto they were predestined, and not the reason for their predestination. That reason lay only in "the good pleasure of his will." He chose some and omitted others because it was his pleasure so to do.

Elsewhere God announces with great clearness this policy, — "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."

Of course this cannot imply that God acts without good and sufficient reasons in this thing. A being of infinite wisdom, all his conduct is with infinite reasonableness. What this passage affirms is, that the ground for the distinction, that God made among those worshippers of Diana, was not in the persons themselves. They were alike in claim and equally and totally unworthy. The reason for taking some rather than others, or for leaving others, lay far back in "the good pleasure of his will." Wise and well were it for us to leave the matter there, remembering that "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing."

This purpose and work of God by which he secured the salvation of certain ones at Ephesus were the fruit of his glorious grace. That it was done was "to the praise of the glory of his grace." "The glory of his grace," is a Hebraism, for "his glorious grace." This grace, Paul teaches us, must have all the credit and praise for that saving work at Ephesus. Those persons had no title to such favors. Unchosen and unmoved of God, they never would have become "holy and without blame before him." They would have remained as hostile to Christianity and as heathenish, as their fellow-citizens whom God's choosing passed over. Unobligated and self-moved, what God did in this thing was wholly a gratuity, a charity. It was bestowed on those both undeserving and ill-deserving. Nay, more, on those both undesiring and resisting. To make holy men and dear children of such persons in such circumstances, was, most assuredly, "to the praise of the glory of his grace."

And if God should adopt the same number into his family in any place, at any time, there would be good reason for saying with Paul — "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

This passage, that we have thus opened in a popular way, is not without its practical lessons. If it is right for God to regenerate a man, and constitute him an heir of eternal life, it is right to intend to do it. And if it would be right to intend to do it immediately before doing it, then it would be right for God to intend to do it so long before, even centuries, as he could foresee all the attendant circumstances. Then, since God foresees all events from eternity, it is right for him to have eternal intentions and purposes to regenerate and save certain men.

Nor can there be any reasonable complaint of God's executing these eternal purposes, since they work out only holiness and happiness and heaven for men. The entire result is good, and that exceedingly, to the subject. To purpose to make a man holy, and then do it, cannot be improper. It makes an unregenerate man regenerate, an impure man pure, a sinful man holy, a miserable man happy, an enemy of God his friend. This is all right, praiseworthy, glorious. It makes no man more impure, or sinful, or miserable.

If one dislikes this choosing unto holiness, and this predestinating unto the adoption of children, and is jealous lest God's purpose and plan infringe on human liberty, he may be quieted and comforted by one of two considerations. First, if God does not predestinate a man to holiness, he lets him alone, and so no complaint can arise that his liberty is injured, by coming under the power of predestination. Or, secondly, if God infringes on the rights of any by predestinating them to holiness and heaven, it is to be remembered that they will forever praise him for doing it, and so others who have no personal interest in it should be content.

Some men dislike this doctrine. They esteem it repulsive, giving harsh views of God, making men bold in sin if converted, and careless in impenitence if unconverted, since salvation is a matter of naked, stern, and eternal predestination. They think the doctrine unprofitable to a congregation or individual. Yet Paul opens this Epistle with it. To him it is practical, profitable, comforting. He is very grateful to God for such truth, and after the first formula of salutation in his letter to Ephesus, he breaks forth in exultation and thanksgiving for it. Would all our churches, that profess to follow

Paul, like such letters? Would all our preachers, who confess loudly to a Pauline theology, like to write and read such letters to the churches? If candidates for settlement, would they do it?

Men fail of appreciating the goodness of God by shutting up this doctrine in too narrow limits in their system of faith. They crowd it into a corner, as a small item, or unprofitable, and then, some of them, out of their creed.

But as a matter of fact this doctrine of predestination to holiness stands in the scheme of redemption just where Paul has placed it in this Epistle — at the opening. It has the first place. The goodness of God moves him to save. He determines that he will. The determination, to prove certain in result and beyond failure, must rest on persons. This is predestinating them. Then the atonement follows, as a means to a previously fixed end; then gospel truth, then conviction and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. So predestination to eternal life leads off in this series of glorious truths. So Paul exults first in this truth, and first exalts the goodness of God out of which it springs.

ARTICLE VII.

AFTER THE STORM.

ALL night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the Snow-wind and the Sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn —
Love's hidden intent.

ARTICLE VIII.

CENTRES OF MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE.

By such centres, we mean high places in the church from which the streams of influence naturally flow ; cities set on an hill whose light cannot be shut out of the valleys ; vortices towards which the multitude gravitates. Of course, then, ours is the popular rather than the scientific meaning of the word.

It has seemed to us that the genus Minister falls into three species with reference to such centres.

First, those who care little or nothing about them. They go where they are first called. Conscious chiefly of a love to the people for Christ's sake, they have little care for the latitude or the altitude of the place in which they exercise that love. Their daily influence streams into the character of their people as the imponderable sunlight enters into the solid substance of vegetation.

They do what the rain-drops do, falling on the smooth surface of a lake, — each a distinct centre of force and movement, yet soon lost to human sight because contributing itself wholly to a common useful result. But as to the world's recognizing and honoring this influence, it never enters their thought save perhaps as a flitting vision, or as an intruder that is at once to be cast out.

By far the larger part of all the good done by the Christian ministry, is done by men of this type. From the hills and valleys of New England to the broad levels of the Western prairies these are the saving forces in the ministry ; the silent gravitation that gives to the church consistency and perpetuity ; the oxygen that is the vital element of the atmosphere, although no mortal sustained by it hath ever heard its voice or seen its shape.

Secondly, those who make a centre of influence of whatever place they chance to fall upon. They are conscious of power, and know that it will make itself felt. They are ambitious of influence, but indifferent as to the place from which it is sent abroad. So they work on resolutely and with high motive, depending more upon what they are and do than upon their

surroundings ; more willing to be founders and builders than inheritors and incumbents. Instead of astonishing their fellows by a vain Archimedean boast that they could move the world if only they had a suitable position, they proceed at once to lift away at whatever their lever can reach, knowing, that if they positively raise one atom from its low level, they change somewhat the status of every associated atom, and thus inaugurate a movement whose final reach none but the Omniscient can estimate.

So lived and labored our great early New England preachers and theologians. So were trained almost all of our best living presidents, and professors, and preachers. In like manner, almost all of our profoundest books germinated and matured. Hence many an obscure Luz has become a Bethel in history. Stockbridge and Bethlehem, and Newport and Litchfield, and Thetford and Franklin, have risen from rural obscurity to an honored position in our ecclesiastical history. Green herbage suddenly starting up where all was desert, indicated that somebody had opened a living well, and soon weary pilgrims from every quarter were bending their steps thitherward.

This seems to us the natural, because it is the divinely-appointed method for superior talents to accomplish their great work. Even Paul had respect unto this principle ; for he says : " Yea, so have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation."

Thirdly, those who anxiously seek centres of influence, as starting points.

With a plausible mixture of sense and sophistry they seem to say — " Why should we, who have been so long schooled in culture, pause for the rough heavy work of laying foundations ? Why not begin where the fathers left off ? Position, we admit, does not make a man, but it helps a man already made. A high pulpit exalts him above the multitude ; a grand old sounding-board lends the dignity of past generations to his voice. Such a central church aids by its prestige. Its history and position stimulate him to his utmost ; its ample resources furnish him all facilities for influence, and its rich variety of character will make use of every good word he may utter. He therefore owes it to himself and to his Master to

seek a position in which he can make the most of himself as a minister."

We will not pause to consider the question, how far the self-consciousness of powers suited to a central position, is reliable; or whether that consciousness may not in some cases be resolved into a consciousness of weakness that needs to be supplemented by the external advantages of such a central position. Much less shall we say for ourselves, what a plain blunt deacon of our neighborhood would be likely to say in the premises — "I don't think much of young scientific farmers that are always getting seeds of the largest squashes and the longest cucumbers, instead of plowing up and enriching their soils!"

But admitting that their consciousness is right, and that they succeed in getting planted in an influential centre, what is the probable and ordinary result?

Some few will struggle on bravely and successfully until their overtasked system collapses in some part and they sink into premature graves. They fall; but it is while holding their colors on high, and shouting courage to their fellows. For a brief season they run well. Mortals could not run better. Then perhaps their brief course is prolonged a little through sacred memories. It is a melancholy satisfaction to surviving relatives and an afflicted church to conjecture the many great and good things that might have been achieved but for a premature death; thus exalting into the rank of "dark providences," an event which is little more than a natural consequence of an inexcusable rashness.

Some (after a short trial) foresee this evil and hide themselves. If death does not stare them in the face, the disgrace of defeat does; and they retreat, in order "to fight another day." Of course, their "health fails"; for what constitution could endure the prospect? A large and able council results: "Pressure — Study — sensibilities unbalanced — All right — Dismissed." And with this testimony to his fidelity amid "circumstances beyond his control," he subsides either to a smaller charge nearer the circumference of things, or to a farm, or school, or some useful and honorable agency.

In some instances, wise and influential friends foresee the evil for him; and perhaps without needlessly wounding his

feelings by intimating the "final cause," — certainly without the great public ever suspecting it, — he is gently translated into some other service or field for which he is peculiarly fitted.

Sometimes a feeble man is saved to his central position so as by fire. Perhaps an influential person or family interposes a shield between him and an uneasy majority, threatening to withdraw or withhold subsidies unless they behave better. Perhaps he takes a trip to Europe — which often gives as much tone to his people's appreciation of him, as to his own digestion. Perhaps he rests from toil for three or six months, which also gives his impatient people time to reconsider their ways.

Or without resorting to these violent measures, he substitutes more frequent and more select exchanges; more frequent repetitions of select sermons; stirring the tender sensibilities of his people by frequent and pathetic allusions to the crushing responsibilities of the minister, and by judicious confessions in his public prayers, of the many infirmities of poor human nature, — and by endearing himself generally to his people. Many a minister has raised the public valuation of his labors by diminishing their amount, — as the Sibyl obtained for a few surviving leaves, the price refused to her whole book.

A few, of purer purpose and humbler consciousness of ability, succeed in the full sense of the word; maintaining a full and easy mastery of their position; healthy, cheerful, and ready; scholarly and yet popular; studious and also practical; genial and profound; unwearied in well-doing yet uncomplaining; growing in influence as they rise personally from strength to strength and from grace to grace — perpetually renewing their youth.

To these should be added the smaller few who are called off to other pulpits, or to other work, but who would have succeeded finely, had they remained. But what of the rest? "Where are the nine?"

Without claiming to be extremely exact in our figures, and yet stating only what our knowledge of an average district leads us to suppose is the general law in regard to this matter throughout the orthodox denomination, we venture the assertion that the cases of success covering a ministry of twenty or

twenty-five years past — (and nothing short of such a period should be considered a success for a promising young man located in an influential centre,) — are about as follows: — Two in Boston, (with the important consideration that both had previous settlements); none in East Boston, South Boston, Charlestown or Chelsea; none in Andover, Haverhill or Portsmouth, N. H.; one in Lowell, Nashua and Concord, N. H., each; one in Cambridge, Worcester, Springfield, and Providence, R. I., each; two in Hartford and New Haven, respectively; two in Salem; two in Portland, Me., and three in Newburyport! And this while the cases of failure in other churches in these same centres of influence are reckoned by the score, — the term of service for each not rising to an average of five years; and bearing a poor comparison with smaller churches in the suburbs and rural districts.

We are aware that figures are not always to be trusted; but if these have only the average of figure-veracity in them, they show that the chances of success for a young minister in a centre of influence are slightly greater than those of a smart young man entering the dry goods' business in the same places; — the fraction of hope in the minister's favor being due, doubtless, to the fact that he is under the guidance of a good providence in a higher sense than his brother clerk of the counter.

We would not suppress the fact that in some of the instances of failure in these great centres the unhappy issue is owing less to the pastor than to the inherent weaknesses and unfortunate surroundings of the church. Evidently some fail because they cannot do an impossible thing for a needy church — and that the very thing for which a long list of candidates was called, and they at last chosen.

Add to all this the fact that the quality of the influence sent out from these centres is of necessity somewhat vitiated by the worldliness and fashion prevalent in such places. The popular town-preacher must always attend more or less — generally more — to Ordination Services and Lyceum Lectures; Anniversary Speeches and school-house dedications; flag-raising, and welcomes and farewells to distinguished strangers. He must preach, — perhaps prepare his discourse, knowing that it was preannounced on Saturday; that it is reported while he is delivering it, and then is to be scattered to the four winds on

Monday morning as a part of the perishable matter of a daily paper. What mind is able to remain spiritual and single-eyed to the great end, amid such distractions as these? Can a more unnatural and factitious ministry be imagined than this? Yet this is essentially unavoidable in all populous and influential centres.

Besides: when he is in his most spiritual duties, and in his best estate, pouring out his excited soul over the great "sea of upturned faces" beaming under the strong gas-light, and all highly pleased and, it may be, deeply moved, even then how evanescent the impression made! How it vanishes, when the gas is turned off! Short-lived, because extravagant, unnatural, and out of season! Of all the dreamy visions that float across the sky of the reader's memory, doubtless none are now more hazy, unreal, and uninfluential than the recollections of the brilliant, and it may be, powerful evening efforts of popular preachers which he has undergone in city churches.

How unlike is all this to calm, spiritual, lucid discourse called out by the known wants of a quiet, simple-hearted people. These brilliant and spirited, but short-lived charges upon the citadels of the human heart, — how unlike they are, and as inferior as they are unlike, to the steady and cumulative influence of a long-settled pastor, growing among a growing people, leading out his flock and calling them all by name for a whole generation or more.

No popular preachers in centres of influence ever did their work more thoroughly than Drs. Griffin and Beecher when in the Park Street and Bowdoin Street churches of Boston. But in point of vital and lasting influence, what were these central churches in the metropolis of New England, compared with the rural parish in Franklin, even allowing that only the half is true of what Dr. Emmons's admirers claim for him? Truth is, popular speakers in the centres of influence have something else to do than to elaborate strong systems, or plant principles and watch their slow growth. Their life is all a brisk skirmish or heated battle, day by day, for specific results then and there. They have little to do with the grand and slow campaigns which settle the boundaries of nations for ages.

We are not saying but these popular centres must be occupied by somebody, and the unequal battle there be maintained

as best it may. But we are only insisting upon it, out of the love we bear our young brethren just entering the ministry, that these oft-coveted posts of honor are desirable only as early martyrdom for the truth is desirable.

And so we are constrained to say that some central parishes are very cruel. Considering their part only in this matter, and judging of it only from its outward seemings, one might conclude that their mission is to crush the fresh hopes of young ministers as the elephant crushes tender vegetation. Or one might compare them to the Winans Steam-Gun, which draws down shot into a central hopper in order then to hurl them off by a terrific centrifugal force, towards the periphery of things. And this, some of them are ever doing. They do nothing else. Their taste is formed to this, and they gratify and strengthen it by short pastorates and broken-down ministers.

It should be added, also, that some kind friends are both cruel and short-sighted. As, for instance, those who will venture all this for favorite sons or nephews, in face of the fearful odds against them ; or they who hazard all this for favorite pupils who give promise of establishing an improved theology in important centres ; — without first sitting down and counting the cost, as the Great Teacher counsels those to do who propose war at a dire disadvantage.

Young ministers should think twice before they accept the advice of any dear or ambitious friend as to a settlement. If they covet a central position, they are presumptively unfit for it, and may only take a battery which they cannot hold. If they willingly yield to the partiality of friends who desire for them a position, the failure will be none the less certain, and the mortification of a surrender none the less keen. The shells fly remorselessly, and burst without discriminating nicely whether you rushed in headlong of your own accord, or were pitched in headlong by indiscreet friends. The two dangers combined are practically irresistible. With a reputation to be made hastily, and with zealous admirers to cry — On, Brother, on ! it is not in human nature to be cool and prudent. The eyes enamored of some Big Bethel are not on the sharp lookout for masked batteries along the way.

ARTICLE IX.

SHORT SERMONS.

"Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." — 1 *Cor.* ix. 16.

EVERYBODY professes admiration of the Apostle Paul. Yet, as judged by the maxims which govern even the better portion of worldly men, Paul threw himself away. For he sacrificed the most brilliant prizes that can tempt the ambition of man, because he would preach a gospel which men did not want to hear. The Augustan age still lingered; Seneca and Persius and Quintus Curtius and the elder Pliny were his contemporaries. With his profound philosophical mind, his genius and versatility, what laurels he might have won in the field of literature, art, eloquence or statesmanship.

Even in the pulpit he might have risen to high eminence without preaching a gospel which men did not want to hear. As a Hebrew preacher, the whole broad field of morality was open to him, and men would have listened and applauded. What masterly orations he might have delivered on the Flood, and the Red Sea, and Moses, and Elijah, and David, and Abithopel, and Balaam, and Nebuchadnezzar! Or, under the garb of a Christian profession, he could have discoursed with great effect on the dignity of man, and the amplitude of the Divine love, and all without preaching a gospel which men did not want to hear, and the fashionable people of Ephesus and Rome and Corinth would have crowned him with their praises. Paul knew all this; yet he says, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

What was the gospel which Paul preached? Salvation by grace to men born in sin, totally depraved and under just sentence of eternal condemnation. Justification by faith, through Christ's righteousness; regeneration by the Holy Spirit; repentance toward God, a holy life, and final resurrection to immortal glory, according to God's eternal purpose and grace.

Why would Paul preach this gospel, so bringing on himself obloquy, and poverty, and suffering, and persecution, and death? Because God had taught him that it was true. He was a converted man; was made to understand that all his high morality and external religiousness could not save him, nothing but the blood of Christ. And knowing that what was true in his own case was true in the case of all men, could he have kept back the gospel, without being false to God as well as to his own conscience, and incurring a dreadful penalty?

But he was under a direct command to preach the gospel. The whole affair was Christ's institution for his own eternal glory in the salvation of men. Was Paul the man to disobey Christ's command, or trifle with Christ's ordinances?

The same gospel is committed unto us. Men are still perishing eternally in sin, and the preaching of the word is to-day Christ's institution and ordinance for their salvation.

Who but converted men shall preach; and how shall they escape the "woe," if they preach not the gospel?

"Forbearing one another in love." — *Eph. iv. 4.*

How broad and deep the Apostle lays his foundation, so that the superstructure reared thereupon shall be shaken by no storm, undermined by no flood. Forbearance would seem to be a simple and obvious grace for men all conscious of manifold imperfections and sins; yet the Apostle enjoins it upon the Ephesians only when he has laid in a strong foundation all the doctrines of Christianity; — the Divine love to men dead in trespasses and sins; God's eternal purpose to save; redemption through the blood of his Son Jesus Christ; the new birth by the Holy Spirit; adoption into his family; a gracious justification and a gracious perseverance.

There have always been religious teachers, and the race is not extinct, who will go about building up the fair superstructure of godliness without God's foundation. Decrying doctrines as stale and unprofitable, they will make men good by a briefer process.

Paul did not believe that so obvious a duty as forbearance could stand on any narrower foundation than the whole system of Christian truth. The injunction of the text is to Christians, therefore, those who are on the Divine foundations by faith.

The duty enjoined is patience among fellow-Christians toward each other under the provocations which must be always arising from the imperfections common to all — patience in the spirit of love, the love of which Christ is the common centre, and which binds them together as one in him. A kind feeling and a uniformly kind deportment, in words and actions, is the fulfilling of this royal law.

The duty is enforced by a regard to your own spiritual health and peace of mind. The opposite temper is always attended with discomfort and unprofitableness. It is enforced by a regard for the brethren. It is the sweetest and most impressive sermon to them for their good. The brother whom you cannot win by forbearance you are hardly likely to win in any other way. By a regard for the unconverted the

duty of Christian forbearance is enjoined. Can there be a stronger appeal to them, or one which God is more likely to bless, than Christian brethren walking in the spirit of mutual kindness and long-suffering, even as Jesus Christ? A regard for the Redeemer's glory is the last and highest consideration. The world will always look for the image of Christ in those who bear his name, and will look to see it most of all in the passive graces. Moreover, has not Christ constituted them his living epistle, known and read of all men? Blessed are they in whose hearts is a habitual and paramount regard for the glory of Jesus Christ!

ARTICLE X.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Du Chaillu's Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.
With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.
1861. 8vo. pp. 531.

WE have a new theory to propose — that the Land of Ham was “raised up” for the express purpose of making the fortune of our Circulating Libraries; the grateful proprietors of which ought forthwith to present the author of this marvellous book (for the full length title-page of which we have not space) with the freedom of their shelves, in a quarter size bronze gorilla of the ugliest contour and phiz in all this collection of grinning and glowering wood-cuts. We suppose this must be a true history in the main; but if it is entirely so, then we are almost ready for a submarine hunt, next year, among the mermaids and sea-serpents, with stuffed specimens brought back to substantiate the veracity of the salt-water Nimrod who shall attempt the chase. For, if there should be a dash of nineteenth-century invention, amounting to a little more than allowable word-painting, in the thrilling narrative, who could invalidate the record any more than in, for example, the present foray into parts so thoroughly unknown to ninety-nine of every hundred of ordinary folk. Men who spend years in “the chase of the gorilla, the crocodile, leopard, elephant, hippopotamus, and other animals,” and who have the wondrous luck of discovering new varieties by the dozen when the old ones “give out,” of course must have a story to tell us home-stayers which ought to make each particular hair stand on end. Ours we are sure would if we should find ourself *vis-a-vis* with one of those horrid brutes, whose

impertinence is insufferable — thus stalking about on two legs defying the lords of creation to a boxing-match or a game at clubs.

We do not see how anybody can beat this travelling huntsman on African or any other ground. Burton, Barth, Livingstone, and even Anderson and Cumming, become prosaic plodders beside him. Sensation novelists must make way for sensation tourists. This venturesome Frenchman gets up a book which is astonishingly entertaining. Doubtless, also, it has its share of instruction. But we feel at a frequent loss to know, just when we would greatly like to, precisely what is the naked, reliable fact, and what the costume in which the writer's fancy may have clothed his observations and experiences. "What's the use of being in a crowd unless you push?" said the boy. What's the use of going to Mbondemo, unless you spin a very big yarn? *seem* to say some of our Marco Polos. We reserve, however, a final judgment of this narrative, as an authentic record, to perhaps a future review.

A Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling; containing a full Alphabetical Vocabulary of the Language, with a Preliminary Exposition of English Orthoepey and Orthography, &c., &c. By RICHARD SOULE, JR., A. M., and WILLIAM A. WHEELER, A. M. Boston: Soule & Williams. 1861. 12mo. pp. xxix. and 467.

NEXT to so thorough a mastery of the elements of language that other helps are unnecessary, a copious and accurate guide to the changes to which words are subject is a treasure. Good scholars even are often at a loss as to the formation of derivatives — whether an added syllable should double the final letter or not, and a multitude of like minutiae, which the dictionaries cannot give at length. This volume is designed to meet all such demands. It sets out with a careful treatise on the vocal organs, and the elementary sounds, vowel, and consonant; upon the formation of syllables; and a variety of difficulties in pronunciation and spelling, with ample rules to govern these matters. Then follows a vocabulary of the primitive and derivative words of the language, not for the purpose of defining them, but to fix their spelling and pronunciation. Rules are referred to by figures. At a glance, one who consults this book will see how a word is changed in passing from one grammatical form to another — and why. The Manual is an admirable chest of tools for any writer's table. Nor does it hurt it (in our regard) that it follows Worcester as its controlling authority. We do the same. It is designed also for a school text-book.

Edwin of Deira. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1861. pp. 191.

ONE of the old British legends is here rendered into poetry — enough after the conception of the “*Idylls of the King*” to suggest rather an unfortunate comparison with those ripened fruits of the Laureate’s rich autumnal days. But Mr. Smith has undoubted poetical power which time and the critics are training to a better harmony than in his earlier efforts. His muse is moulting the flamingo-plumage, and assuming the more subdued and softer colors of our northern birds. Here is a betrothal-scene to which the story brings its hero and heroine after a variety of moving incidents : —

“ She heard, and, all untouched by virgin shame,
False and unworthy then, erect she stood
Before her father and her brethren seven,
Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
Love, to which death and time are vapory veils
That hide not other worlds, and stretched a hand,
Which Edwin held, and kissed before them all
In passionate reverence ; smitten dumb by thanks
And noble shame of his unworthiness,
And sense of happiness o’erdue. And while
The prince’s lips still lingered on the hand
That never more could pluck a simple flower
But he was somehow mixed up with the act,
She faltered like a lark beneath the sun
Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
And sinking to a lower beauteous range
Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
That sheltered her from childhood, and hid there
Shaken by happy sobs.”

In another passage of a different tone, the preaching of Christianity to the Anglo-tribes by the missionary Paulinus, is thus sketched : —

“ The Lord Christ bleeding bowed His head and died ;
And by that dying did He wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave He burst,
Death could not hold Him, and ere many days
Before the eyes of those who did Him love
He passed up thro’ yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence He came.

And there He sits this moment man and God ;
 Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
 And all the uncreated light confronts
 With eyelids that have known the touch of tears."

This is very beautiful. Is the literary world beginning to discover that Orthodoxy contains the noblest, most lasting elements of the true poetic and artistic expression ?

Method of Classical Study ; Illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek Authors. By SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL. D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Boston : Brown & Taggard, 25 and 29 Cornhill. 1861. pp. 154.

A SCHOLARLY and elaborate suggestion of the way in which the Latin and Greek classics should be studied and taught. The method, as illustrated in this little volume, by six brief selections, is shown to be radical, thorough, and exhaustive. Where this method is practised there must be at least two students, the teacher and the pupil. It leaves no opportunity or need for a new question on the laws by which words are formed, the omission, insertion, or change of a letter, what is radical and what accessory in a word, its sense, primary and secondary, its derivation or composition, what it modifies, and what modifies it, the character and position of a sentence, the difference between the several declensions and conjugations, the use of this tense rather than that, laws of construction, history of the work studied, idioms of the language, synonymes, mythology, history, biography, geography, logic, rhetoric, poetry, oratory. Nothing escapes the inquisition.

But a sample will best show the method : —

"Miltiades, Cimonis filius, Atheniensis, quum et antiquitate generis, et gloria majorum, et sua modestia unus omnium maxime floreret, eaque esset ætate, ut jam non solum de eo bene sperare, sed etiam confidere cives possent sui, talem futurum, qualem cognitum judicarunt ; accidet, ut Athenienses Chersonesum colonos vellent mittere."

On this short paragraph there are one hundred and seventy-nine important questions. After thirty-one questions on the personal history of Virgil, and twenty-three as introductory to the *Æneid*, there are on the first four lines of the first Book one hundred and twenty-two questions. And not one of them is trifling, nor can a pupil be a master of the four lines till he can answer each of the one hundred and seventy-six.

The selections from the *Anabasis* and *Iliad* are made to go through as exhaustive and inquisitorial a process. It is the true process to produce profound and accurate classical scholarship, and Mr. Taylo

has done vast service to the cause of classical learning in preparing this suggestive and model volume. It has given us peculiar pleasure to peruse it, since it has taken us back twenty-five years to those halls where its author awakened in us the best passions we ever felt for such studies.

And as we have pondered this method of classical study the question has arisen in our minds whether such a rigid and protracted attention to the inspired classics of our religion would not do more to instruct and establish our theological students in a biblical theology, than so much labor and time as are now expended to make them familiar with human creeds and the systems of the schools and adepts in rhetoric. Do Isaiah and the Evangelists and Paul receive as much and as thorough attention in their own languages in the Seminary, as Virgil, and Cicero, and Demosthenes, and Homer receive in the Academy and College?

Memorial Volume of the first Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Prepared by the Senior Secretary, DR. ANDERSON. 1861. pp. 462. Price \$1.00. N. Broughton, Jr., 28 Cornhill, Boston.

THIS is a noble and valuable volume, skilfully and thoroughly edited, and printed in the best style. It is highly interesting to read, and valuable for reference. It is worthy to find a welcome place in every Christian family.

Daniel Safford. A Memoir by his Wife. 1861. pp. 384. American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

WE have scarcely ever seen a more interesting and profitable biography. The subject was the noblest specimen of man, and he is set forth in this beautiful volume with modesty and great power. Every earnest pastor will take this priceless deacon to his study and commune with and cherish him there. But the book is preëminently the book for laymen. Let every member of the church buy it and read it, and a great harvest will be gathered ere long from this goodly sowing.

Tales of the Day—Original and Selected. Wm. Carter & Brother. Boston : 1861.

THIS is a new serial, issued monthly. Its aim is to perform a useful public service in publishing in a cheap and attractive form the best stories, carefully excluding all matter of an unwholesome tendency.

So far as we have been able to judge the aim is well accomplished, and the work is in good hands.

ARTICLE XI.

THE ROUND TABLE.

LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE BY PROXY, AND A VERY SELECT CHOIR. SELAH.

Is it an act of worship? Is it a means of grace? Does it call out and exercise the devotional feelings of the congregation?

We mean the "performance" of Church music by a select few, and in new tunes, and in so high a style of the art, that the audience can only admire and wonder. Doubtless sacred music in its perfection is one of the noblest exercises of the human voice. This can be attained only by a small number of voices highly cultivated and well trained together on particular pieces of music. Much variation from this strict policy will mar the effect. When attained it is a noble achievement. Such a royal entertainment we expect, cheerfully buy our tickets for, and thoroughly enjoy, in the sacred concert.

Ought we to look for this in the house of God, as a part of divine service? If found there, is it an act of devotion? Is it anything more than one of the fine arts? Is it not confounding a popular entertainment with an act of worship? Is it not as wide of the true intent of sacred music there, as the sermon would be, if it were only a highly finished classical oration in biblical literature?

Progress, variety, richness, devotion, science, in the composition of sacred music, we hail as one of the happy characteristics of the age. A late issue of one musical publishing-house shows us *twenty-four* recent volumes of sacred music, and by authors whose praises are in all the churches.

This indicates a fast age in one line. We doubt if collateral lines in "sacred" things have advanced at the same speed. If a tithe of these new works, with their variations and mutilations of old tunes, and more that are wholly new, is to be brought into our orchestras, how can "all the people praise God?" Even "Asaph" and "the Sons of Korah," and choristers generally, must be troubled to keep pace. "The Chief Musician on Neginoth" and "Muth-labben" would "leave the seats."

As it is now managed by many of these very select, and small, and highly cultivated choirs, the newness and professional exactness of their performances rules out of that part of divine service the devotions of the congregation. The music is too good, scientifically and artistically, to be a medium of their devotion. Instead of worshipping

in it, they can only enjoy and admire, and think of their splendid choir.

How unlike to what Edwards describes his Church music at Northampton to have been at one time : "Our public praises were then greatly enlivened. God was then served in our psalmody, in some measure, in the beauty of holiness. It has been observable, that there has been scarce any part of divine worship, wherein good men amongst us have had grace so drawn forth, and their hearts so lifted up in the ways of God, as in singing his praises. . . . They were wont to sing with unusual elevation of heart and voice, which made the duty pleasant indeed."

RELIGION THAT CAN WALK A MILE. — It would not seem to require very vigorous piety to do this. An ordinary Christian diet should give strength for it. Many a man walks farther with his business ; and surely one's religion cannot be a heavier burden than his worldly work. How comes it to pass, then, that not a few of our churches, small and half filled, and large and half filled, too, are so near together, and their pastors within hail of each other ?

The outlay for a building is great, from two to fifty thousand, and often by a draft on the charity of the surrounding churches. The pastors are put on the lowest figures for a living, and then often tardily paid ; and as the enterprise is feeble and often desperate, a very smart man is thought to be indispensable. So the annual expenses are burdensome to the little flock. The strain on them is so great that they have little or nothing left for broad and urgent national and world-wide Christian charities. Indeed, some of these village and suburban and city enterprises are constitutionally small and feeble, like dwarfed swarms of bees that need feeding to be kept alive through the winter. Yet they do not find it difficult to arrest many of our young ministers. The clerical supply is so nearly exhausted that only here and there one reaches the great border field of destitution. In that outside world men and women and children are willing to go five and nine miles, if they can but hear the Gospel. And their piety is strong enough to take them that distance, while these feeble churches, of which we speak, have so feeble a piety that it cannot carry their members a mile to a church already established. Here is a mystery. Is piety feeble in proportion to its privileges ? Can the means of grace for a man be so great as to reduce his religious vigor so that he can go only around the corner to church ?

With some personal knowledge of the spiritual destitution and vigorous piety in Home Missionary fields "down East," and "out West,"

we venture a suggestion to some of these unprogressive enterprises of which we have been speaking, and to certain communities that are anxious to start more of them.

We suggest that they give their house of worship, after paying up the mortgages on it, to some destitute county in Minnesota. It would furnish from two to twelve houses for such humble and tough piety as they have there. We suggest that they give their pastor to the Aroostook, and his annual salary to support half a dozen more ministers there. What a contribution for one feeble church! A minister and salaries for six, as its annual donation! But they can do it by walking a mile. A contribution of from nine hundred to three thousand annually by one feeble church that can now hardly keep itself alive! And all this after paying its proportion for sustaining worship in the inviting and half filled church a mile off.

As some gracious return for such benevolence the self-denial and exercise of walking a mile to worship God will impart to a formerly weak piety something of the vigor and hardness of frontier religion. The idea, moreover, will prove a positive and constant Christian luxury that one, for Christ's sake and the destitute, has given up a church enterprise not needed, and is now giving as much for Home Missions, as he once gave to have his own will. And all by walking a mile to church!

At last we have the creed of the "Broad Church," at least upon one point of importance. *Bread and the Newspaper* in the September *Atlantic* enlightens our darkness on this long dubious subject. The *credo* aforesaid is this — that all the poor fellows who fall (on our side, that is,) in the war now raging, are therefore sure of a place in Abraham's bosom. The Divinity professor of the Broad Church (at the corner of Washington and School streets) affirms this, and notifies the "Narrow Church" that its presence is not wanted at the funeral rites of such. We heartily wish that every soldier of our flag was a soldier also of Christ. We know that many of them are. But we remember no gospel voucher to the saving efficacy of lead and gunpowder *per se*. This dogma smacks a little of the Koran; — heaven to all who die in arms against the Infidel. We think that we recollect a good deal said in various autocratic and other talks, about the *odium theologicum*. Have we here an attempt to smother the orthodox with a puff of the *odium patriot-icum*? After all, however, our Medical Doctor of Doctrines has not widened his ecclesiastical longitude so very much — bounding it thus, as he does, by Mason's and Dixon's line.

THE Reverend Pyro Technics preached a splendid sermon last Sunday evening at the Church of the Holy Vanity on "Man Etherial and Explosive; the Heroism of Dogmatism," which kept the audience a full hour. We are induced to refer to this wonderful performance, partly that the congregation at the Holy Vanity may know what a very remarkable minister they have, and partly, also, that the natives in general may know. Such a candle must not be put under a bushel. Be it ours to set it on a stick. Then all around may see and admire, and another pleasant illustration will be supplied of Mr. Shakspeare's observation, —

"How far that little candle throws his beams."

WE have heard of a minister who always made it a point to entertain his funeral audiences with the good qualities of the deceased — on the charitable "*nisi bonum*" principle of the old poet. Of course, his stock of eulogistic material sometimes was decidedly scanty. On one occasion, all that he could say was this — that the departed was said to have been a capital hand *in running to fires*. If some of our religious newspapers, and even pulpits, should give up the ghost, we have a notion that the thing, which would be most characteristically remembered about them, would be their skill in playing the cold-water hose on consciences that should rather be kept in a quick blaze of awakening under the truth and spirit of the Lord.

WE cannot close the first volume of the Boston Review without an expression of devout gratitude to the Author of Truth for the favor he has shown to our endeavors.

In the opening of unprecedented civil and commercial reverses in the country we commenced this work. We looked for neither popular credit nor pecuniary profit.

We entered into it because we thought that Evangelical truth and the Great Master asked of us the sacrifice.

In the number of friends discovered and in the variety and quality of the communications offered us, in the number of subscribers obtained, and in the very extensive and favorable notices of the Review by the press, we have succeeded beyond our best expectations.

We are now prepared to enter into another year of this work with stronger hopes, and greater energy, and with a wider and more cordial offer of theological and literary resources.

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